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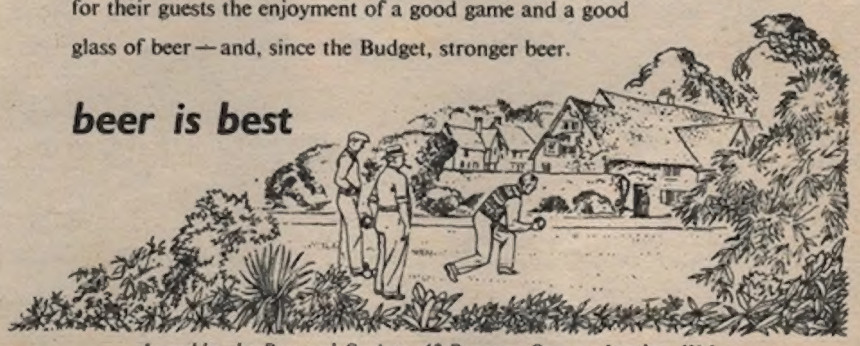

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

EDITORIAL

Defeat the Kremlin by working for strength

SINCE THE LAST WAR Britain has struggled slowly and jerkily back towards prosperity. Now, just when life was getting easier and the future prospects better, we have to shoulder a new burden of rearmament to meet the menace of Communist aggression.

"The new situation will require sacrifices," the Prime Minister has said. "The more hopeful condition of a few months ago no longer rules."

Does this mean that our hard-won gains are all to be snatched away again and that, like Hitler's Germany, we are necessarily making the choice between "guns or butter"?

The "butter" is represented in our case by the social services, by a greater abundance and variety of food and clothing, by new houses and other building and by such important amenities as unrationed petrol.

Are all these things to be whittled down or lost? The answer *must* be "No!"

It is neither necessary nor desirable to abandon the standards of living attained with difficulty since 1945.

It is undesirable because to do so would be to give the men of the Kremlin a bloodless victory.

In their quest for world-wide power to be achieved by spreading Communism, it is part of their plan to wreck the smooth working of the democracies' economy. One way of doing this is, of course, to divert effort and materials from peaceful production to the making of arms, and to keep men and women in uniform instead of in the fields and factories.

THUS every tank, gun and plane which America and Britain build is, to the Soviet planners, one more little triumph for their hopes. It represents so much wasted wealth that might have been spent on strengthening the material wellbeing which we need as one defence against Communism.

Nothing would better suit the Kremlin's book than to see us impoverish ourselves by rearmament, and so breed discontent or even despair which could be exploited by its propagandists.

If we are to meet—and defeat—the challenge of international Communism, our task is to achieve effective rearmament with the least possible damage to our way of living and economy. Fortunately, the self-control and self-imposed austerity of the years since the war have put us in a far better position to tackle our new problems than if we had wantonly dissipated our resources.

A return to the grimmest austerity should not be necessary, because much of our rearmament *can*, if we all so decide, be financed without needless hardship.

Until this summer's international crisis, Britain was spending £780,000,000 a year on the fighting Services. This was almost a quarter of the Government's total outlay and 7.6 per cent of our national income—already an abnormal proportion in peacetime. Even if no major war breaks out meanwhile we shall certainly have to spend a good many more millions on arms next year. But the experience of the last few years has proved that we can pay our way.

WHERE is the money to come from? The least painful way to find it, Mr. Attlee has said, is still further to increase industrial output.

Clearly we have every incentive, once we understand the facts, to finance rearmament by harder work.

But remember this—even our most urgent rearmament must not be allowed to divert too much of our industry from peace to war purposes, or we shall simply be playing the Kremlin's game.

We have to face the fact that *total* rearmament out of our own pockets is impossible. We shall never again be able to fight a major war without help from America. We could not do it in 1940; we are far poorer in 1950.

Having faced that, and having also assumed that if war started the American supplies would be forthcoming, we ought to be able to meet the bill for our present degree of "peacetime" rearmament *without* lowering our standards of living intolerably.

It means making a supreme effort in the knowledge that everything we cherish is at stake.

The new call to greater effort is not only for the economic ends of the last five years; it is to preserve our very liberty, honour and happiness from utter destruction.

Therefore the people must be told: "If you don't want Stalin and his secret police to enslave you, and if, meanwhile, you don't want to be ground into unnecessary poverty, you must work harder and longer and more intelligently to create strength as well as prosperity."

Only thus can we finally frustrate the enemies of freedom.

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FREE SPEECH

Good driving —or just good luck?

SOMEONE RECENTLY TOLD ME of a conversation he overheard between two driving examiners. "How many has X passed this morning?" asked one. On being told only a few, he replied: "Oh, good, then I can pass my next fellow. He's from the So-and-So Driving School."

It would appear that as much depends on whether you strike a day of poor candidates, belong to a driving school or make a favourable impression on your examiner as on the actual standard you reach. Under these conditions what is there to prevent the driving test becoming an unmitigated swindle, guided only by luck and the whims of the examiners?—IAN ROSS, 4 Victory Terrace, Redcar, Yorkshire.

The Ministry of Transport says: "Complaints of irregularities in the conduct of driving tests are carefully investigated, but hearsay evidence of the kind referred to by Mr. Ross has never yet been substantiated by the complainant or the Department's inquiries. The examiners' work is closely supervised to secure that tests are conducted in accordance with the regulations and that a uniform standard of competence is adopted for the purpose of the grant of pass certificates."

Baby's First-day Picture

I DO NOT AGREE WITH Mrs. Gill ("Free Speech," July 22), who thinks it is a splendid idea for a baby to be photographed in hospital during its first day of life. I photographed my youngest niece when she was five and a half hours old, and she looked horribly repulsive, though she is now an attractive young lady eight years old.—P. BELL, 12 Kendal Street, Carlisle, Cumberland.

Jenny Joy

. . . In 1944 my baby daughter Jenny was taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. After a short time she was removed to Hemel Hempstead, where she died. Knowing how the nurses stood by the sick babies, I could not resist writing to the sister-in-charge to tell her of my little girl's death and thank her and her staff. The sister replied and enclosed in her letter was this snap of Jenny sitting up in her cot in the ward. If there was anything in the world I wanted then, it was that snapshot.—J. JOY, Orestan Lane, Effingham, Surrey.

—And His Non-stop Sleep

HOW I PITY POOR Mr. Dorber ("Free Speech," July 29), who was unable to hear the wireless after his day's work because it might wake the baby. My son, aged nine, was trained the hard way to ignore noise, and he has always been a wonderful sleeper. He never left London during the war, and because I put him to bed during the air raids he thought nothing of them. His sister, aged five, falls asleep while I am using a vacuum cleaner beside her bed, simply because I have never altered my routine "in case it wakes baby."—MRS. V. LATHAM, 156 Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

Utility Suite Eaten Away

FIVE YEARS AGO I BOUGHT a Utility bedroom suite. Within eighteen months it showed signs of being infested with maggots. Since then I have had to return it periodically to the manufacturers, whose treatment consists of removing the apparently affected piece of wood and replacing it with another. But the outbreak recurs in some other part of the wood within a few months. Now I have been informed that I will probably have to foot the bill for further repairs of this nature. Surely *I* should have some redress.—MRS. M. D., Birmingham.

Noises On The Nile Boat

THE JOHN BULL SERIAL, *The Siege of Hélène*, by Laurence Kirk, recalled for me the journey up the Nile which I made in 1942. My snap shows the lighter in which I made the trip. Although in the story, Hélène wears slacks and shirt, I never saw a woman out there wearing these—they were all

Reader's photograph of a Nile journey

too keen to wear loose-fitting dresses. One thing I remember especially is the unearthly wailing of the natives in the steerage of the boat. They played and sang from sunset to about two in the morning.—DUDLEY BUCK, 184 Bexley Lane, Sidcup, Kent.

John Bull "Down Under"

ONE OF JOHN BULL'S cover pictures is being greatly admired on the other side of the world. It is Ronald Lampitt's village scene on the cover of the April 9, 1949, issue. It is fixed on a wall in our house and provides a most interesting lesson for our two-and-a-half-year-old son.—MRS. C. GRASSICK, Hikuai, Private Bay, Waihi, North Island, New Zealand.

. . . While travelling in the outback of Western Australia I called on the manager of a sheep station on the Nullabor Plains. On the walls of his living-room were pictures of sheep and cattle, but in the place of honour over the fireplace was the cover of JOHN BULL for July 2, 1949—a picture of cricket on the village green.—MISS ENID SAMPSON, c/o Box 5378, G.P.O. Elisabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

A Bit Thin On Top

SOME MONTHS AGO my hair started to fall out alarmingly. My doctor suggested I should have it all cut off in order that a new growth could be encouraged. My barber ran the electric clippers over my head, leaving me with only a downy fleece on top.

The immediate result was that I became a social outcast. People in the street stopped to stare and titter. The embarrassed general manager of my firm asked me to wear a cap in the office. My friends cancelled engagements, developed "sick aunts" or remained "out of town."

As my hair grew from fluffy down to half-inch stubble, people came back to me; some enjoyed rubbing my head to hear it crackle. But I emerged triumphant with a wonderful new head of hair, free from dandruff. Most important of all I found I had only one true friend—and even he used to wince and look away when I took off my cap in public.—PETER ALLEN, Causey Lane, Pinhoe, near Exeter, Devon.

West Riding Delicacies

ELKAN ALLAN, IN HIS ARTICLE on the "Fish-and-chips family" (JOHN BULL, July 29), mentions the "specials" which are served in the fish-and-chip shops. In the West Riding of Yorkshire they have always been known as "scollops," and very tasty they were, too. As a little boy I used to watch my granddad, a collier of the old school, frying our nightly dish of scollops in a big pan on a roaring fire. Another of my pleasures in those days was to taste my granddad's sandwiches—bread and dripping or home-rendered lard — which always tasted grand, although they had been down the pit all day. Among other specialities I enjoyed were udder for breakfast on a Sunday morning, chitterlings as a special treat for tea, pork fat cracklings, muffins and pikelets and a big piece of Yorkshire pudding with onion gravy as an introduction to the Sunday roast. — YORKSHIRE TYKE, Leicester.

Self-service Shop Empty

THE OTHER DAY I WENT into a store which has recently adopted the American self-service method. Shoppers walk round the counters and drop their requirements into a basket which is handed to a cashier for checking. The store was practically empty—perhaps other people feel as I do that nothing beats service behind the counter.—MRS. M. V. SANDS, 83 Fairlands Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

COVER artist Douglas L. Mays has brought the old story of the Garden of Eden up to date by placing his characters in a twentieth-century garden. He won't quarrel with the feminists and historians who disagree with his version of the incident—a sophisticated Eve under the apple bough and a poor little Adam who, despite temptation, would really much rather not be naughty.

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BARBARA MURRAY, *appearing in TONY DRAWS A HORSE, says, "From the very first day I had my Pin-Up home perm, my hair looked, felt, and behaved just like naturally wavy hair!"*

This is why the young stars have Pin-Up perms!

A FILM star's hair has an arduous life. It is set at least once a day, sometimes washed once a day, too. Then for long hours it is exposed to the fierce heat of the studio lights.

No wonder the stars are particular in their choice of a perm! And no wonder they are delighted with Pin-Up!

"From the day it is done, the waves are soft and natural-looking, with no frizz," say the young stars.

Anyone who has ever put her hair in curlers can give herself a Pin-Up home perm—or anyone who hasn't, for that matter!

With Pin-Up you can perm your hair whenever you like, without an appointment, without going out! Just think of the time and trouble—*and the money*—you save! Get a Pin-Up outfit today!

DIANA DORS *sometimes wears her long hair up. "I've recently had my second Pin-Up," she says. "I was delighted with my first. It stayed in for months." Diana is playing in DANCE HALL.*

JANE HYLTON, *starring in DANCE HALL, says, "It's grand to have a perm that really looks as if you had naturally wavy hair! There's never any frizz with Pin-Up, even directly after perming."*

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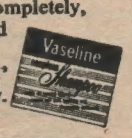

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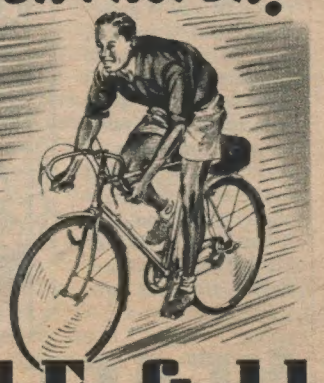

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She seemed to be annoyed with him. In some curious way, Crane thought, she had guessed what he had been thinking

JOHN BULL PRESENTS AN EPIC NEW SERIAL

THE SCARLET SWORD

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

FATHER ANSTEY SHUFFLED into the hospital garden, on the third of five terraces below the Mission, through the archway of crimson peach-boughs, beyond the vines, just in time to see the sun strike the great spur of rock that projected across the gorge of the river below. It hung there like a glittering brown extended claw.

His eyes as he lifted them to the mountains glowed with the crinkled softness of a pair of blue walnuts; they had the troubled dryness of a man who had not slept well. Down below him a single bullock-cart raised smoky yellow dust from the river bank, beating it finely up above avenues of leopard-patterned trunks into the dying leaves of plane-trees.

Along two lines of long, white houseboats, moored side by side like long, gigantic water-leaves, there was no sign of movement: partly because it was too early, mostly because, of all their European owners, only Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks now remained to live there. He remembered that Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks were coming to tea; they would eat grape jam and scones in the garden by the prunus tree; but the thought left him without comfort and he looked once again at the brown and savage claw of rock reaching out above the narrow gorge of water.

Beyond it lay, in gigantic fold after fold, a million other rocks, rising from the great snows of Nanga Parbat in the nearer distance to Kanchenjunga and all the greater snows at the invisible end of the range: yet the nearest single claw of rock was something that never failed to awe him into the oddest feelings of calamity.

He could never see it without remembering that once, more than a thousand years before, the whole of the mountain beyond it had fallen, obliterating the valley below. He did not know why that event, so far away as to be almost legendary, and happening in any case to a mountainside that had otherwise nothing more spectacular to it than the hills of his native Yorkshire, should always disturb him so much. A mountain that had fallen once, he realized, could not fall again; so chance a catastrophe

could hardly recur; yet he was always disturbed by the notion of its recurrence as he was still, at seventy, sometimes frightened by the recurrence of a childhood dream.

This old habit of perplexity was like an ache in the bone; too old and too deep for cure. It was as hopeless as curing in his colleague Father Simpson the mystic irrationalities that, in ungenerous moments, he called pure laziness. It was like trying to cure the ache of India by placing a sword across it and slashing it into two bloody portions like a lump of beef. There could be no such simple partition of fear from flesh; and now also to all his old habitual fears were added others.

As he waddled down the path, hands still folded in his sleeves, looking for Father Simpson, he kept his face uplifted to the sun. The air from the north-eastern ranges of Kashmir was quite cold and had in it the dry crispness of snow, although in the morning haze, half mist, half smoke from nomadic hill-fires, no snow could be seen. Nanga Parbat, always a difficult mountain to see, always rare in revelation, was not visible today. Sometimes he thought Nanga Parbat was like God: immense and splendid and omnipotent, yet so often hidden and so rarely revealed.

As he walked, screwing up his eyes against the sun, so that they looked more than ever like a pair of old blue walnuts, centrally and exquisitely lighted by a touch of fire, he was worried not simply by the incurable ache of old calamities or by the incurable dreams of Father Simpson. He was worried by rumours that drifted in, every day now, from Srinagar. He did not like Srinagar. It was filthy and it spewed rumours and it was very hot. It was constantly being burned or flooded or devastated by afflictions never quite vast enough to settle it completely. Yet he could not ignore any longer the rumours that came in from Srinagar for the simple reason that they came in from everywhere else, too.

Even up here, behind the insulated walls of the Mission, cut off as they were from almost any sort of outside manifestation, political or racial or ideological, absorbed in their small life of service, the apple crop and the potatoes: even up here you were bound sooner or later to hear an explosion if it were loud enough. You were bound to be touched, even if it were ever so little, by the slashing sword that was parting India in two. Far more terrible than that, he thought, was that the sword might slash Kashmir in two. Kashmir was very beautiful; almost too beautiful; it was truly the country of God. They said that Indian troops had been flown into Srinagar—that, if it were true, was because the Maharaja wanted protection and had acceded to India. Very simple, he thought, but what if Pakistan replied in kind?

He could not get the picture clear. He did not read the papers; he supposed that really no one had got it clear. There had been ghastly massacres. He had never liked the religious intolerance of the ruling families in Kashmir; the wealthy Brahmins were notoriously tyrannical and selfish; most Kashmiris were timid liars; but now there were rumours that down in the plain Sikhs and Hindus were simply butchering Moslems everywhere to make a Hindu holiday.

But what if the Pathans came down from the frontiers, as rumour kept saying they were coming down, and began butchering Sikhs and Hindus to make a Moslem holiday? The Pathans were Moslems: fanatics, terrific and ruthless fellows, a warrior people. Supposing they came down and began making holiday among Sikh beards and Brahmin or Hindu boasters? There had been all sorts of expeditions against the Pathans up there on the frontier for about a hundred years—you had to keep these people in check—but they had never really suppressed them.

Pathans were not like the people of Bengal: to be crushed by famine and overbreeding and the wretchedest filth and poverty; they were a mountain warrior people, proud, loving blood, thriving on war. India was a violent place; you felt violence in the air; all the East had become violent; but the North-West Frontier, with its Pathans, was most violent of all. God help Kashmir, he thought, if they ever come here—he had got the picture clear in his mind at last, as clear as the rock about to fall and the sword about to descend—God help us all.

By now he was out of the fruit garden and could see below him, on the second of five garden terraces, Father Simpson. He was digging, in his shirtsleeves, among the potatoes.

There was no accounting, he thought, for the way Father Simpson dug potatoes. It was rather as if you had put a spade into the front feet of a cow. Father Simpson at intervals held the spade aggressively poised and then rushed forward, driving the spade among the yellow haulms. An explosion of dry earth flung white potatoes about him like a nest of scattered eggs. Father Simpson then held back the spade, rushed forward again and threw into the air a second explosion of dust which completely buried the potatoes unearthed by the first. Father Simpson then fell on his knees in something of the attitude of a praying cow. His fat body, cut off at the knees, had a beautiful cow-like gentleness as one by one potatoes were rediscovered by his dreamy, podgy hands and laid reverently in the basket.

Father Anstey stopped for some moments and gazed down across the terraces. His hands and feet were really quite cold. He was glad to let the sun fall on his face; it was exquisitely warm already on the closed lids of his eyes. When he opened them again he turned completely round from looking at Father Simpson to a contemplation of all that lay behind him: the church with its little pepper-pot tower and the central rectangular mass of Mission buildings, including the small hospital, in white-cream stone, crowning the garden terraces. They were surrounded, farther up, by walls of sun-bleached plaster that were frames for the hills that lay behind. These hills were never the same colour on two successive mornings in that rare high air, and already this morning they were red. They seemed still to be smouldering, as they so often did, with abandoned creeping tribal fires, the soft smoke of which had fallen in the night, in bags of opalescent mist, to cover the thicker woodland below.

He was never tired of saying that he liked this view, terraced from the potato patches to the hill-tops in a series of immense steps, better than anything else in the world. There was a view from the Pennine Range, in Yorkshire, about Ingleborough, that he liked almost as much, but it was harsher and darker and he knew that it was really distance and nostalgia, sometimes secretly excruciating, that gave it enchantment. It had in it no touch of unearthliness, as you had here in the gardens when the peaches flowered, when the whole hillside seemed to be tied to a crowd of pink, distended parachutes, pulling in the wind, so that it seemed about to fly away.

In a distant corner of the highest terrace Father Simpson kept a collection of tame white rabbits, housed in depressing wooden hutches. It was a little difficult to breathe when the wind blew that way in the heat of summer, but when the rabbits were feeding on the orchard grass it was as if they were a flock of white pigeons and they were very beautiful. But that was like all India, everywhere. It was a country of enchanting distances always resolving into ugly realities. From the hospital windows you looked down on the curve of brown river, clustered about with pleasant houseboats and white poplars, with marshy tributaries covered with pink lotus-flower, and a village that rose, in a series of terraced huts, to deep folds of trees. It had such splendour and magnificence from the hospital side of the gorge that when you went down

Crane was in time to see Mathieson rushing

there it was shocking to find nothing but an interminable human rat-run boring between foetid hovels of corrugated iron and bamboo filled with the stench of warmed-up sewers.

Father Anstey remembered also in that moment what he had really come to speak to Father Simpson about. It was really very urgent and he thought: "I'm getting as daft as he is. Dreaming here."

"Father Simpson!" he called. "Father Simpson!"

Half-waddling, half-running down the path, he saw once again the fat, cow-like figure on its knees among the potatoes. It seemed to him more than ever like a flabby, baggy creature waiting to be milked. It aroused in him waves of Yorkshire impatience, flowering to mischief, so that the crinkled walnuts of his eyes were lost behind dark slits of fun.

"Father Simpson! Father Simpson! You didn't lock the rabbit hutches and the rabbits are everywhere!"

"Oh, no, Father, no!"

Father Simpson raised his fat, startled face; his podgy, cream fingers hung in the air like the distended teats of a cow.

"They're all among the vines. They're everywhere. They're like the little foxes——"

"It can't be, Father, it can't be."

Father Simpson began to scramble across the potato-patch, shuffling small clouds of dust.

"Father Simpson!"

"Yes, Father!"

He turned and stood in the potato-patch,

out of the room, yelling at him. From the main hall he could hear the children screaming

shaking, and Father Anstey called: "Did you remember to lock the hutches?"

"I remembered. I know I remembered."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, absolutely. The rats will get them. They always do."

He turned, scrambling up the slope again.

"Did you remember something else?"

"What, Father, what? What should I remember?"

"Do you remember what day it is?"

"Saturday, Saturday. Isn't it Saturday? I think it's Saturday."

"It is, it is," Father Anstey said. "And what happens on Saturday?"

"Does something happen?"

"Don't you remember who comes today? Don't you remember who you had to meet from the boat?"

"No, Father—no—oh! Father, yes"—he raised podgy, horrified hands to his face—"Oh, Father!"

"You'd better hurry, because the boat will be in and if you are not there——"

"Yes, Father." He scrambled away, halted and turned again and came back, sweating, in distress. "What was his name—I don't remember——"

"Mr. Crane."

"Oh! Crane, yes, Crane."

"Your memory's going to pieces."

"No, it isn't my memory. It isn't. I was thinking of something. I was thinking of something awful Colonel Mathieson was telling me yesterday. Oh, my dear Lord, the rabbits—what about them?"

"It was a fib," Father Anstey said.

"A fib—you were telling me untrue things?"

"Simply to wake you! You know the boat will be in."

Father Simpson began once again to scramble up the slope, raising clouds of reddish dust, talking as he went.

"I was awake. It was simply this ghastly rumour of Colonel Mathieson's."

"You are getting to be a regular Kashmiri, listening to rumours."

"Yes, but this was an appalling thing—appalling."

He ran. Father Anstey stood watching the cow-like figure hurrying away, pressing squabbily against the incline of the terraces, and then he remembered Colonel Mathieson. The colonel was a youngish, experienced man of unexcitable temperament not given to rumour. That made it more than odd. And suddenly the mischief went out of him, leaving him unexpectedly cold. His eyes became once again dry and leathery like blue walnuts and he called:

"What rumour? Father, what rumour was that?"

Father Simpson had reached the fourth of the terraces, and he turned for the last time before disappearing between the bush peach trees and the vines. He seemed about to call.

Father Anstey saw his mouth open and close again as if in one of those infuriating fits of forgetfulness. And when he spoke it was almost in a little shriek, to make himself heard: "It really wasn't Colonel Mathieson. It was Mrs. Mathieson. I remembered. It was she after all!"

"Yes, but what was it?"

"It's too long! I'll tell you when I get back."

His voice, strained to shout so that it rose above tenor into broken falsetto, went above the garden and across the gorge of water to make its echo against the hills beyond. And instinctively, following it and waiting for the thinner mocking return, Father Anstey looked at the spur of rock, sword-like and brilliant in full sunlight now, overhanging the valley across which, in half an hour, Father Simpson would be bringing Mr. Crane.

It seemed more than ever about to fall.

WHAT Father Anstey had called a boat was nothing but a raft of planks lashed to empty oil-drums, and Crane, as he sat on it, did not notice upstream the spur of rock that had troubled and fascinated the priest so much, and would not have given it another thought if he had. He was very tired; he, too, felt as if he had an ache in the bone. He had travelled from Bombay as far as Lahore by plane and from there had taken the night train north, as far as he could go, coming by truck the rest of the way.

The sweating, gritty hours in train and truck had twisted him like a rag. He was not interested in spurs of rock that would or would not fall; or in Kashmir; or any longer in India itself. Kashmir was simply another place on the map: dirtier, smellier, if that were possible, than the rest. India, that textbooks always warned you was a sub-continent, as if that fact diluted its horrors or eased its complexities or sweetened its smells, was a problem that through sheer surfeit and thinning of blood he had given up.

He was a tall, well-built young man of thirty, but now he felt twenty years older, and there had been no one to play chess with on the train. He carried his miniature set of ivory chessmen in his hands, too night-dazed and tired to put it in his pocket, and it was some time before he noticed that he was the only passenger who was sitting down, besides a Hindu girl in a yellow and orange sari sitting on a cheap fibre-board attaché case smoking sullenly. All the rest, including Father Simpson, stood watching the four sweating and crying Kashmiris poling the raft: not out of pure interest, but rather like a collection of scrawny and nervous hens who could not swim. Only the Hindu girl and himself did not seem to care.

"That is the Mission," Father Simpson said, and pointed upwards and across the river with a wave of podgy fingers.

Out of politeness Crane looked up. The mass of cream-white buildings, pleasantly framed by trees, had something of the appearance, exposed from below, of giant cubes of sugar.

"A very nice target for somebody," he said, and did not realize, until he saw the fussy horror on Father's Simpson's face, that he had not meant to speak aloud.

"Nobody makes targets of Missions, I hope," Father Simpson said.

"Nowadays they make targets of anything."

"It's unthinkable."

"The more unthinkable it is the more they think of it."

Crane for a moment had an impulse to tell Father Simpson of unthinkable things: of war in Burma, war in England, even of war that was beginning in India now. Perhaps, he thought, the Reverend Father would not care for these things. It would be rather like speaking to a child and he wondered how long the Reverend Father had lived up here, in this high, insulated world, unshaken and unbruised by things outside it. He longed to see the reaction on the unworldly, unbruised face as he said these things; but he did not speak. He was tired of playing war

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Some kinds of artificial light can be disastrous to make-up. Effect on colours needs study

Same girl, same make-up, in natural lighting. Under some lights, lipstick may turn cocoa-brown

What the colour doctor orders

by MURIEL SEGAL

IN A RECENT RADIO TALK, Britain's leading colour expert, Robert F. Wilson, explained that, having just tested a group of men and women, he had found no less than fifteen per cent were colour-blind. And all of these were men. "In fact, I have never met a colour-blind woman," he added. Back came a challenging letter: "What about my daughter? She wears oranges and reds and purples all mixed and I can't do anything about it."

Though Wilson did not investigate the case of the colour-blind daughter, he knows more about the newly developed and fascinating business of colour research than anyone else in the world. As head of the British Colour Council, he deals with queries from all countries on every imaginable use of colour. "Few people," he says, "ever stop to think of the vast importance of colour in everyday life." One firm has just asked for the best shade of "eggy-yellow" to use in custard powder. A worried manufacturer is told that he will sell mostly plum and purple shades of carpets and curtains to Lancashire, and a knitwear business is advised that only the most brilliant woollen sweaters are popular in Ireland.

Paint May Be Better Than Drugs

"Colour can stimulate or depress," says Wilson, "and has incalculable effects on health. It is possible, if as much attention is given to it by the medical profession as it receives from the industrial world, that the bill of over forty-three million pounds for drugs can be gradually reduced until it becomes almost negligible."

Speaking at the Health Congress at Eastbourne this year, Wilson suggested that green walls and green towels should be used in operating theatres instead of the customary glaring white. The surgeon concentrates hard and long on the red patch on which he is operating, and so continues to see the patch for some time after he has completed the operation; but, as this is what is known as an "after-image," the red takes on a greenish hue. If the surroundings were green, too, says Wilson, the surgeon would recover his normal sight more speedily.

Robert Wilson has devoted his whole life to his colour crusade. He was born in Nottingham, but his parents were Yorkshire farming folk. As soon as he left art school, he started his fight to apply colour to commerce, and his fiery articles in the local Press led him to the post of director of the newly formed British Colour Council.

More than 3,000 organizations now belong to the B.C.C., bringing in every type of job from advising on colours for trains to deciding on a new shade for a postage stamp. Members pay according to the work involved, but for ten guineas a year a member may use the headquarters in Portman Square, have access to the

Red is exciting. peach makes you hungry. Blue is the great favourite, but to make your party go invite people who prefer orange; they are usually good fun

huge colour-library, consult the unique colour-dictionary and meet people of allied trades to discuss the problem of that tricky off-white dye. Manufacturers of belts, buttons, bags and gloves all benefit by interchange of ideas on current colours, while wool manufacturers consult with rayon firms to make sure that the fabrics to be used for skirts blend with the rayon which will be made into blouses.

As official industrial colour adviser, Wilson has come across many strange examples of the effect of colour on production. In one factory, examiners were engaged in checking brightly painted green and yellow cans as they passed on the conveyor belt. One day all the group became violently sick. It was discovered that the dull neutral background, against which the cans showed up clearly but not too vividly, had been repainted a few shades brighter than the original colour. The result clashed so badly with the moving cans as to have a drastic effect on the stomach nerves, causing "colour-sickness."

Matching Colours To Flowers

The Wilson Horticultural Dictionary, which won the Vietch medal, is Robert Wilson's most impressive work. In it are reproduced over 5,000 colours which he has matched with the exact shade of flower they represent. Flower growers all over the world use it to check such points as whether a certain shade of mauve sweet-pea has ever been grown before, or whether anyone has ever produced a brown carnation. Currently, the *Wilson Dictionary* is proving most useful in dealing with a colour test concerning sultanas. Do sultanas change colour during the trip from Australia to Britain? Selected for their tempting colour, they may lose sales value if they fade.

Naming colours is yet another side of the colour business, and the importance of right naming is proved by the failure of a hosiery firm to sell a single pair of silk stockings in a new shade called Onion Skin. "The colour is good enough, but change the name to Cocktail," prescribed the Colour Council. This was done, and Cocktail became the best-seller of the season. "It's the association of ideas," say the experts. "Women don't like to be reminded of onion skins and the kitchen sink when they go out glamour shopping."

The psychological effect of colours and colour schemes can differ according to the personality of the person concerned. Neurologists regard red as an "exciting" colour and it is used by healers as a powerful stimulant and tonic. Wilson's American counterpart, Faber Birren, has just published his *Colour Psychology and Colour Therapy*. In it he tells of a woman suffering from a cerebellar disease. When she wears a red dress she "walks as though she were tipsy, constantly falling down, but when she changes into green or blue, her equilibrium is immediately restored."

The Room Of Screaming Scarlet

Six-foot-two Faber Birren likes red. As a student, he was fascinated by the jingle he had picked up somewhere: *Paint the dungeon red and drive the prisoner mad.* He had to do something about it, so he painted, papered and carpeted his room entirely in screaming scarlet. He put red bulbs in the lights and sat down quietly, waiting to go mad. Nothing happened and soon he decided that he liked the red room, "rich, comfortable and cheerful."

Birren established himself as America's most highly paid colour consultant by performing a minor miracle on a marketing casualty. The biggest billiards equipment firm in the U.S. was losing heavily. Why weren't people buying billiards tables? Birren needed only a quick survey for this one. Wives, sisters and mothers would not have green-topped billiards tables in their homes. Green-topped tables reminded them of gambling dens, pictures of Monte Carlo and wild, wild women. Birren prescribed purple baize. Immediately sales soared. The colour doctor was well on the way to fame.

Wilson (right) confers with Norman Hartnell. Colours used in fashion world need glamorous names

Research has shown that people of any country or race and of either sex have the same colour favourites. Everywhere, with any group of adults, blue leads; then come red, green, violet, orange and yellow in that order. Children, all over the world, start off by liking red best and yellow second best. As they grow older they lose their preference for yellow, which is replaced by blue. Thus older children prefer red, blue, green, violet, orange and yellow, in that sequence. As they reach maturity, blue becomes favourite, and the older people grow the more they like blue.

Keep White Out Of The Kitchen

The modern idea is to reduce the contrast between work and background. A typist achieves more and with less fatigue if her white paper is placed on a light-coloured desk, avoiding all strong black-and-white contrast. The housewife should not try her eyes by sewing white material on a black sewing machine or cooking on a dazzling white enamel-topped table. Natural-coloured wood in the kitchen is less of a strain.

The most appetizing colour is peach and should be used wherever the family eats. Blue, on the other hand, is a failure as far as the appetite goes. One unfortunate baker discovered this to his cost when he tried to sell blue bread to the American housewife. For a successful party, Birren advises bright colours and gay cushions around the room. This, he says, will stimulate the guests. And invite people who say orange is their favourite colour. They are good fun at parties.

Robert Wilson reckons production increases as much as ten per cent through new colour being introduced into factories and reducing eye-strain. He deals with the problems of the many colour-blind workers. A switch may be painted bright red, but to the colour-blind worker it is green. Most colour-blind people confuse greens and reds, which are opposites on the colour spectrum. There are, of course, many different degrees of colour-blindness and most people do not even realize that they are colour-blind at all. Colour-blindness is usually inherited through the female side of the family and passed on to the males. Robert Wilson tells the story of a certain famous and lovely woman who pleaded the excuse of being colour-blind when she invited her rival to dinner and placed her in a chair against a curtain which "simply screamed at her red hair."

Wilson and his band of experts spend most of their time touring the country solving industrial problems, testing colours under various lights and according to their varying surfaces. The colour chart he is now preparing shows the same shade in woollen fabric, silk, and glossy paint: a miracle of matching and a great help to manufacturers.

On a table under these lights stands a life-sized wax head, a beautiful blonde with glamorous make-up. Then Wilson switches on the mercury vapour light which is used in overtime factories. The lush heart-red lipstick turns a dull cocoa-brown, and the "Flower-mist" powder becomes a sickly mustard yellow. Such is the sad plight of the factory worker and the sadder fate of those who must look at their best all day. Wilson is determined to do something about this minor tragedy of progress.

Wilson himself likes brighter colour for men's wear. He has no favourite colour, saying that he knows too much about it all. He likes to spend every spare moment on his farm, run by his sons, and watch the colours which nature blends. And he has a special affection for his pigs. Pig-pink, he thinks, is a lovely colour. THE END

Unfaithful steward

For thirty years women had tried to get into the club. Harry's job was to keep them out. But Harry was only human

by BRETON AMIS

IN THEIR WISDOM THE founders of our social club had decreed at the first meeting that no woman should ever come through our double doors. The minute read: PROPOSED that this Club be for MEN ONLY; seconded, with the proviso that WOMEN be KEPT OUT. Carried unan.

They had their reasons, those pioneers of thirty years ago, just as we have our reasons for respecting the tradition. We inherited a cosy fug which we cherished as we would our liberty. We breathed the rich atmosphere of freedom and good fellowship, and when the mixture became too thick we stirred it gently with the electric fan. No windows had been opened since the night, long ago, when Millie Hoskins climbed a conker tree and peered into the cardroom.

We caught young Millie and arraigned her on the spot before a hastily formed quorum. Our chairman gave her a dressing down that should have reduced a girl to tears, but she stuck out her tongue and said she'd only been looking for the drain down which her mum said her dad chucked all his money.

After that, we had the conker tree cut down and all the windows curtained. We also hung a brass plaque under the clock to the memory of the founders. In the years to come the plaque served as a source of courage and inspiration to those who would have weakened under repeated attacks on our guiding principle.

By the way the women created, individually and collectively, you would have thought we were keeping them out of Eden. They couldn't understand how a club could be social without them. The women's institute wanted our hall for their monthly meetings; the sewing guild asked for the cardroom, and sent the vicar to plead their case; the W.V.S. made application to use us as a clothing exchange; the Joan Club suggested a monthly rendezvous with our Darbys; the local branch of the League of Lady Gymnasts offered to put on a display.

Some of our younger members were tempted by the lady gymnasts, whose peculiar contortions in yellow sweaters and tight black satin trunks were a three-star attraction, but the older set were dead against it—all the more so as Millie Hoskins had graduated from a tree climber to a lady gymnast.

Our chairman made an impassioned speech from the platform, denouncing those who whispered treason. We must hold the pass, he said. We must convince the women that while their men were at the club they were as safe as in a ship at sea, or on a desert island—safer, in fact, for ships reach port and desert islands have their quota of dusky houris. What the club offered was congenial company of the right sort. From it a man went home refreshed in mind and body, to the benefit of his family.

The women wouldn't see it that way. They argued that a couple of hours on the allotment would refresh mind and body and save cash as well. They said a man should find congenial company at home, where he could busy himself doing useful little jobs about the house if only he could keep his eyes off the clock and his mind off opening time. While not actually accusing us of harbouring a harem behind our drawn curtains and double doors, they indicated that if we had nothing to hide we should open doors and windows to let in God's fresh air.

Why didn't we have a Ladies' Night, like respectable clubs? Why didn't we have a Ladies' Lounge? Why didn't we come up to date and make it a mixed club, social in the true sense of the word and a home from home?

The battle raged for years, fed by the fires of their inquisitive resentment. The worry of fending them off killed our old steward, but in Harry Peppitt we thought we had found a tower of strength. To hear him deal with an angry wife or an unhappy sweetheart was a lesson in tact.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dobson. Your Charlie? We don't see much of Charlie these days, but if you'll wait a minute I'll ask if he's around."

In he'd come, fastening the door. "What about it, Charlie?" he'd say. "Are you working overtime, or is it another puncture?"

And Charlie, with ten spades in his hand and two and fourpence in the kitty, would shake his head. "Not overtime—she asked for her cut last week—and I've had too many punctures. Think up something new, Harry, then bring another round. I'm going the bundle on spades."

So Harry would tell her that Charlie was visiting a sick member, for the slate club, and would she please keep his supper hot for him?

We were men of honour, faithful to each other and to our club.

The wives didn't appreciate Harry, nor did the sweethearts, although he was young and personable. We were rather glad he was unpopular with the women, so it gave us a nasty shock when he broke the news that he had found himself a sweetheart. We couldn't understand how he'd been caught, until we learnt that the intrepid girl who had trapped him was none other than Millie Hoskins, child climber and lady gymnast.

We called him into committee. We reminded him how, in her youth, Millie had shown undesirable traits which made the romance incompatible with the secrecy to which he was pledged. We told him that in our opinion a man automatically became celibate when he took the honourable post of club steward. His wages weren't high, we admitted, but could we be expected to subsidize an indiscretion he would bitterly rue? If children came they might take after Millie and revert to the trees. How could love flourish amid the fumes of stale beer and tobacco, with which it was his chosen lot to be forever impregnated? To be single minded in devotion to duty, he must be single.

Harry thanked us in his courteous way, and married Millie a month later. Knowing that the one job he hated was cleaning the brass plaque to the founders, we gave them a set of brass fire-irons for a wedding present, and a small cheque.

MILLIE thanked the presentation committee very sweetly. Dark, slim and pretty, with eyes the colour of a good four X, she said she would think of us every time she poked the fire.

We granted Harry a week's honeymoon, and took turns behind the bar while he was away. This wasn't a success, and on the fifth day we wired him to come home.

He seemed glad to be back. He gave the club a thorough clean out, which surprised us because he had always shared our view that too much spit and polish was unnecessary. We had enough of it at home. To be comfortable, a man ought to be able to tread a butt end or tap a pipe without thinking twice about it. Except for the lights above the billiards tables the club had always been a dim, cosy place where a bit of dust and dirt didn't show. A daily swoosh up and down with the big broom had been enough, and after it Harry would stand on the step while the dust settled again.

He took to polishing glasses and the counter as well. Members complained that they couldn't tell which were hops and which were bits of fluff from the cloths, and they complained again when he swilled the floors with a pine disinfectant. This stuff is skiddy if you're at all uncertain on your feet, but after a few minor accidents it dried and the smell gave a tang to our fug.

For a few days we remembered Harry was a newlywed and saw to it that he was home by midnight. But we soon forgot Millie. Another cunning attempt at infiltration was being made by the sewing guild, who complained that our curtains were a disgrace to the High Street and offered to make us a new set in return for the use of the cardroom. The women's institute was trying to knobble our president, whose wife is their president, and only by promising to add his name to the illustrious ones on the founders' plaque could we stiffen his resistance. The lady gymnasts were tantalizing our younger members by issuing challenges to a wrestling match. . . .

To add to our worries, Charlie Dobson arrived one night in such a stew that he ordered a double brandy instead of his usual pint.

"Some dirty tyke let on to my wife that I won the sweep last month," he groaned. "Eight quid, and Carrie says it'll just pay for the kids to have music lessons. She's been at me for hours. How could I tell her I blued the lot at the greyhounds?"

Instant expulsion would have been the fate of the traitor—if we'd found him.

SOON afterwards, Bob Tanner's sweetheart discovered he was receiving letters at the club from another girl. Ted Bailey's wife heard he was earning seven pounds a week, not six. Bill Smith, who suffers from high blood pressure and isn't supposed to touch spirits, was asked by his spinster sister how long he'd been disguising the smell of gin with peppermint. Our secrets were no longer safe.

We soon knew why.

Calling at the club on his way to work, wondering if he'd left his hat there, our chairman was struck dumb by the sight of Millie sweeping and polishing while Harry sat in a chair with his feet up, reading the racing news. This was the great betrayal; the advent of the serpent in Eden. Our chairman afterwards said he wouldn't have been surprised if the brass plaque above Harry's head had fallen and killed the unfaithful steward on the spot.

Before our chairman could get his powers of speech back, Millie was letting fly. She told him Harry had been overworked for years, from nine in the morning until nearly midnight, seven days a week, without a holiday. For a miserable pittance he was expected to keep the club clean, run the bar, act as buffer between a lot of deceitful men and their womenfolk. It was a crying shame, and if the club wanted to keep Harry they'd better do something about it.

As soon as she paused for breath, our chairman managed to point out that Harry had every afternoon off, that he preferred double pay to holidays, that having the freedom of the bar would be one long holiday to most of us, that the perks no one grudged a willing steward were compensation for a moderate wage, that the committee were always ready to lend a hand and, lastly, what the devil was she doing there?

Millie began again. What the club needed, she said, was a steward to do the bar work and a stewardess to do the cleaning and polishing, as a man hadn't the elbow grease. We could add another four pounds a week to Harry's wage and she'd try to make the place fit to breathe in.

That evening the chairman called a special

For a moment the chairman was flabbergasted, and before he could get his power of speech back, Millie had started. She had quite a lot to say

meeting of the committee. As we listened to him, in consternation and sorrow, we realized where the leakage was. We had Harry arraigned before us, much as Millie had been ten years ago.

He looked strained and pale, as well he might. He admitted his guilt, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. The work had grown beyond him; as a newly married man he liked to see his wife occasionally; the rule that no woman should ever come through our front doors hadn't really been broken because he had smuggled Millie in at the back; Millie had read the notices on the club board and in her innocence had congratulated Mrs. Dobson on Charlie's sweepstake win; seeing a letter for Bob Tanner she had taken it for his sweetheart, a lady gymnast, to give to him; she had found Ted Bailey's pay envelope while sweeping the floors and may have mentioned it to Mrs. Bailey; as for Bill Smith's gin and peppermint, out of the goodness of her heart she had passed the news on to Bill's sister for his own sake.

Trained stewards are hard to find, or we should have sacked Harry on the spot. As it was, we told him he must choose between the club and his wife. To our surprise he appeared to have some difficulty in making up his mind, so we gave him until next evening.

But the disgrace of being brought before the committee proved too much for him. He failed to report for duty. Early arrivals found Millie behind a spotless bar, serving as efficiently as Harry himself. She explained that he was confined to his bed with nervous prostration due to overwork and would be away for seven days.

Of course, there was a fearful rumpus when the committee gathered that evening, but the damage had been done. Curtains had been taken down, windows were open and some of the younger members were propped against the bar chatting to Millie as if they enjoyed having her there!

We dare not run the risk of taking turns behind the bar, after what the stocktaker had said last time. Millie said she would stay to oblige us, on condition that she and Harry were allowed to run in double harness when he was better.

We had no option. When we tried to stipulate that she should always enter by the back door we could see her biting her lip to stop herself from putting out her tongue at us. Incidentally, Harry was seen at the dogs that evening, but we didn't mention it to Millie—she was too busy.

FOR a time the club ran more smoothly than ever before. Once we got used to the light and the draughts we hardly noticed the difference, except for a sharp word from Millie whenever anyone swore or dropped a butt end. She became more and more popular with the younger set, which began to cause trouble with sweethearts and wives.

They reminded us how we'd said a man was safer at the club than on a ship or a desert island. Although they'd spent thirty years trying to violate our privacy, they were annoyed that Millie should have succeeded where they failed. Wives nagged husbands, courting couples quarrelled and Bill Smith's spinster sister made him resign. He didn't mind much, anyway, as Millie wouldn't serve him with gin.

Then Millie started. Why didn't we hold a Ladies' Night and let them see for themselves what a harmless, pleasant place the club had become? We could make a real do of it, she said. The lady gymnasts would perform, the women's institute would put on one of their plays, the sewing guild would provide curtains for the stage. Also, it would be an act of kindness to invite the Joan Club, under the care of the W.V.S.

We were appalled. Unfortunately, Millie didn't keep her ideas to herself, and she soon had the younger generation on her side. The old guard made a last valiant stand, but were heavily defeated at an extraordinary general meeting.

During the display by the lady gymnasts the brass plaque to our founders was jolted from the wall and never replaced. Millie said there was enough to do without cleaning old junk, so she put a mirror where the plaque had been. The ladies needed a mirror, she said, until we bought the lock-up shop next door and turned it into a Ladies' Lounge. She happened to know the shop was shortly to go up for sale.

Minutes from the last committee meeting: PROPOSED that the premises adjacent to the club be purchased for conversion into a women's room. AMENDMENT, that the words "LADIES' LOUNGE" be substituted. Carried unan. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Laird of the Festival

by JOHN NIVEN

Visitors with £1,000,000 to spend pour into Edinburgh. John Reid is the man who shows them around—and is quite happy to do it at a loss

Reid looks out on Edinburgh. Two thousand volunteer hosts have helped to make the Festival grow

JUST FOUR YEARS AGO, plumpish and balding John Reid, the city of Edinburgh's social services officer, stepped into the lounge of the North British Hotel. He had been called there to attend a meeting but had not been told its purpose. As he entered, a tall, silver-haired man greeted him. The man was then Edinburgh's city treasurer, but is now Sir Andrew Murray, Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

"We're going to start a festival, John," Murray said, out of the blue.

"Oh? What kind of festival?"

"We're not sure about that," Murray grinned. "What we are sure of is that you are going to be its unpaid secretary."

Since that news was so abruptly broken, Reid and the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama have come a long way together. The Festival has built up an international reputation which rivals that of Salzburg. Last year's visitors spent more than £1,000,000 in Edinburgh, and estimates of their numbers range from 50,000 to three times that many. This year, on April 3, the first day for postal bookings for the 1950 Festival, £40,000 in cheques and postal orders poured into Edinburgh from France, Fiji, the United States, Canada and Capetown. No fewer than sixty persons were put to work dealing with bookings. And, when Herr Gottfried von Einam, a member of the rival Salzburg Festival committee, visited Edinburgh a year ago, he said: "Your organization is simply marvellous." Much of the credit for all this belongs to Reid, now the Festival's honorary administrative director.

Some Queer Requests Came In

Yet, when he began, he had to feel his way out of the darkness. "I knew the available hotel space would be insufficient," he says now. "I sent out a special appeal to residents, asking if they would take in Festival visitors. We got some queer requests. Last year, for example, a Swiss woman wrote to me saying she would like to be put up in a private household with Scottish people who could speak English."

In reply to the initial appeal, more than 2,000 people volunteered. Reid had all the houses thus offered vetted tactfully. Then he sorted them into grades A, B and C. When the rush began he soon discovered that visitors fell roughly into three categories as well. First, wealthy businessmen who were unable to get into an hotel but wanted the highest possible standard of accommodation. Second, moderately well-off people who wanted comfortable but not too exclusive lodgings. Third, hundred per cent music enthusiasts who wanted to reserve their cash for concert and opera tickets and did not care a rap about digs so long as they were clean and cheap. Visitors were to pay the householders direct and the maximum charge for bed and breakfast was 12s. 6d.—a rule which is still in effect.

The expected invasion came, preceded by a flood of letters of application from both home and overseas. One came from an Italian who asked: "Are there any hotels in Scotland?" Another wanted a room in a vegetarian household where there were "no cannibals who eat meat."

In addition to private homes and hostels, where the weekly charge, all found, is £5, a quarter of the room space in Edinburgh's hotels is also reserved by the Festival office. In this way more than 20,000 were housed last year.

Hard Feelings About Tickets

Reid is convinced that the hardest job on the business side is distributing tickets. Allocation of seats to the agencies in London and abroad is far from easy, for some events are much more in demand than others. Chamber music concerts are very popular, but it is Festival policy to perform these in a small hall with a friendly atmosphere. In Edinburgh, the Freemasons' Hall fills the bill perfectly, but it seats only 496. Hence, while agents can be offered substantial ticket blocks for the Usher Hall (seating 2,760) or the King's, Empire or Lyceum theatres, they receive few seats for the Freemasons'.

Not all agents accept this in a philosophic spirit. One, who had sent in large bookings, wrote a long letter of complaint about it to Reid. It began: "A curse upon your Festival!"

This year two more of the city's halls were booked, bringing the ticket total to 250,000, valued at £120,000, compared with 1949's 130,000 tickets valued at £90,000.

Another real teaser for Reid's ticket sellers is the question of reserving seats for royalty and V.I.P.s. In some theatres, boxes are unsuitable for royal visits, so a block of twenty-eight grand circle seats is removed, semi-easy chairs are substituted and the enclosure is decorated with flowers. It is impossible to tell far in advance exactly when the Queen and her party will visit any given theatre. For this reason these special twenty-eight seats are sold on condition that they are not required for royalty. Buyers are asked to leave their names and addresses.

"The system works fine now," Reid says, "but in the early days it gave us a few bad moments. One man had bought several of these seats for a friend whose name and address we could not discover. By chance, the night this friend was due was also the occasion we needed the seats. We could do nothing but wait for his arrival. Fortunately, we just caught him in time.

The Festival was started with a capital fund of £60,000 made up of grants from the city corporation, the Arts Council and private sources. The corporation guarantees £15,000 a year for seven years. The first year, the Arts Council contributed £20,000, the second £5,000, the third £3,000 and, as yet, no figure has been set for the current year. Each Festival so far has shown a deficit—it was £24,207 yast year—but the fund, constantly replenished, still stands at £60,000.

Deficit That Makes The Profits

"The annual alleged loss," Reid declares, "must be viewed against the background which shows that the Festival brings a great deal of money into the city. In the three weeks of the 1949 Festival, for example, the corporation transport revenue alone was up by £8,000. Retailers showed trade increases ranging from two to fifty per cent. It has been calculated that last year's 8,049 overseas visitors spent at least £1,500,000, half of which would go on fares. The remainder probably was spent in Scotland."

To make sure that visitors will be fed, a close liaison is kept with the Ministry of Food and the Board of Trade. All the city's restaurants have their rations stepped up and have extra supplies on hand. The Festival Club in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, is opened specially for visitors. It can supply 5,000 meals a day; Scots dishes, including haggis, are on the menu.

"Food is easier now," Reid says. "Our trouble is getting enough whisky. Most of what we do get comes from London." THE END

They seem just ordinary lived-in houses until you go through the front door. This second article in a HOMES OF TOMORROW survey tells of the Hertfordshire lane . . .

Where every house has a secret

by HARRY HOPKINS

AS MY EYE TOOK IN THE PRAM at the gate, the trim back gardens, the brightly painted doors, it seemed to me there was nothing to mark off this little group of new "council houses" from a thousand others up and down the country, nothing—except, perhaps, the whirling scoops of the wind tower and the small meteorological station below.

Yet here, in this quiet Hertfordshire lane, was one of the strangest laboratories in Europe. Here the other side of Britain's housing problem was resolving itself: how to build not merely faster, but fast and well. In particular, the families who lived behind these neat curtains were in the front line of science's attack on the British housewife's oldest, toughest foe—the British Draught.

Although Britain uses one-third of all her coal for domestic heating, her homes are rarely warm. These Abbots Langley houses provide an answer to the problem. In design and construction they do not vary. But go inside and in each you will find a different heating-and-cooking arrangement —nineteen in all, using ninety-two sorts of appliance. They fall into three groups. The first group of houses has an open fire, or improved version, in its living-room—that is all; the second group has the whole house partly heated, mostly by convected air through ducts; the third group enjoys full central heating. Later was added a terrace of four homes designed on the American "open plan"—i.e., without dividing walls downstairs so hot air can circulate through the house.

Scientists Pottered Around

For the first year, the houses in the lane stood empty. Thirty scientists, working in round-the-clock shifts, moved in and out of the front doors, lighting the cookers, turning on the hot water taps, stoking fires, opening windows in carefully calculated imitation of a family of four. And every day, including Sundays and holidays, the "ghost" tenants took 2,000 readings of temperature, humidity and so on. By the year's end, a full set of basic results was on hand.

But houses are designed for people, not for statisticians; and, in the spring of 1948, the people moved in. They were selected by the urban district council from its regular waiting list. They paid the usual £1 5s. to £1 10s. a week. There were, however, some slightly unusual conditions. The coalman must come from the Building Research Station at Garston. Ashes had to be placed in a special bin, and handed over to the same quarter. And one's own pots and pans were not to be used — a special set of utensils, uniform in quality and wear, would be provided.

Otherwise, life pursued a determinedly normal course. True, there was a rather odd shining metal tube affair mounted on the wall behind dad's chair—but it *could* have been a modernistic flower vase. And, since the wires were built into the walls, few visitors not "in the know" ever suspected the presence of fifteen recording points, distributed through each house in the row. Slipping quietly in and out of their control room, the scientific staff took elaborate pains to make both themselves and their instruments as inconspicuous as possible.

Windows, though, were a difficulty at first. For in Britain "normality" meant that people might be moved to fling open their windows at any time of the day or night, abruptly changing the results. At first the team, like bird-watchers, tried keeping observation, making notes of window movements. But that method had its limitations. You could hardly, for instance, go shining torches on to people's bedroom windows in the middle of the night. The answer arrived in an electronic recording device on every window. Every time one was opened or closed, the fact was registered in the control room.

A Watch On Washday

The Heating Experiment team, in fact, soon found itself in a position any secret police chief would have envied. Sitting in front of their clocks and gauges, they could tell without leaving the control room when Mr. Smith's weekend guests had arrived, when Mr. Brown had left the front door open again, or Mrs. Jones had a heavier washday than usual.

The wisdom of thus bringing the Human Factor into the heart of the experiment speedily became evident. From their own operations, the research team had put the average cost of fuelling a house at £27 a year. This estimate proved correct—but something else emerged. Some family budgets could not stand that strain. Which might mean, for instance, that for them, though most economic in terms of heat-for-fuel, central heating might prove too expensive.

The scientists had no direct contact with their subjects. But the housing manager called weekly in the normal way, and it was through her that the "reactions" came. Which system did the tenants favour? Generally the one they'd drawn—so far they had had little basis for comparison. That is why it has been arranged that each year now the tenants will change houses—then, put together, their comments should tell a great deal.

Analysing their ten million readings a year with mechanical sorting and calculating machines, the research unit reached some useful interim conclusions. Costs, for instance. At £25 a year central heating was easily the best value for money in running as compared with, say, the open-fire system costing £29 a year. But the capital cost of installing central heating (£215 per house) was twice as much as open fires. The question was how to strike a balance between capital and running costs.

For the housewife's benefit, a study was made

The wind tower is the only clue to the experiments which tenants share with the experts at Abbots Langley

Research man explains how the "double" window helps to prevent loss of heat in home

Abbots Langley housewife places fuel in her kitchen boiler with measuring tin. Other conditions of her tenancy included use of special pots and pans

of the times needed to tend the various appliances, from fetching in the fuel to cleaning out the grate. The open fire with cooking range showed up badly on this test, totalling 205 hours a year. Central heating, plus a gas or electric cooker, came out on top with a total of sixty-five hours' work a year. Nevertheless, the team decided, the open fire had been maligned: it was by no means as inefficient as had been thought. In fact, for all-round purposes, the Building Research Station's vote today goes to the open fire or stove with a big back boiler, feeding two radiators which supply what the technical men call "background heating," with gas or electric fires for "topping-up."

That Fifth Column—The Cold Draught

But for the 400 scientists, engineers and craftsmen of the Building Research Station, finding the best heating system was only part of the problem of keeping our future homes warm. For it would be little use discovering the best heating system ever if draughts could still swoop under doors and whistle through walls. So on a site just outside the Building Research Station's grounds eight houses began to rise. In the walls and roofs of each was a different amount of heat-insulating material. Alongside the houses appeared the meters and indicators of a meteorological station.

Today that experiment is almost complete. The results have been encouraging. In these insulated homes the bedrooms proved on the average six degrees warmer than the bedrooms in the normal run of prewar houses. When a sudden thaw following a cold snap made the walls of houses all over England stream with moisture, these walls remained dry. The key was simple enough: an internal insulating leaf of foam concrete—in heat insulation value, two inches of foam concrete equal six of conventional brick.

The quest at Abbots Langley was a sign of the times. It meant that housing in Britain had got at last beyond its "three Rs"—roof, four walls, and a drain—that homes were being shaped to the needs of the people. In 1942 it had not taken a well-mixed advisory committee long to decide that for the young men and women who would be coming back from the wars, "conscious of the potentialities of modern science," the old standards would no longer do.

Investigators visited housewives all over Britain asking, for instance, about their hot water supply. Over forty per cent, it turned out, had to rely on a copper or pots and pans and kettles. There were many homes where there was not enough hot water to meet the simple demands of cleanliness. Less then half the households had a bath of their own—and over a tenth had not even the use of a bath.

In the new postwar homes, the committee decided, there would have to be a "utility room," where clothes' drying and other jobs could be done out of the way of eating and living. To give a place for quiet reading or homework, one at least of the bedrooms should be heated.

For the Building Research men, the advisory committee deliberately posed many practical problems. Not the least of these was that redoubtable domestic bugbear of many flat-dwellers—"The row next door." As usual, they began with careful field observations. They discovered that forty-one per cent of flat-dwellers complained about being annoyed by sounds as against twenty-six per cent in houses—and many said their sleep was disturbed. The first place they gave to "doors banging." After that, came "the cistern"—followed by radios, people moving about, and babies crying.

The Sound Team Warbles And Howls

Since the inquiry began, the station's mobile sound laboratory—a big, glass-panelled ex-R.A.F. lorry—has travelled thousands of miles up and down Britain on the track of "That Row Next Door." Actually, the sound team prefer to make—and detect—their own noise. For airborne sounds their standby is an electrically reproduced horror which ranges from a gurgle through a warble to a howl. With the warbler screeching happily away in one flat, microphones are installed in another, and the volume getting through is accurately registered. The other main source of annoyance, *impact* sound, is reproduced by a "footfalls" machine—five hammers pound against the floor in credible imitation of Laurel and Hardy.

On the experimental estate at Abbots Langley, the inquiry is today moving forward into a new phase. Three blocks of flats are rising—one of load-bearing bricks, another of steel frame construction, a third a concrete box type. The blocks embody eight different methods of sound insulation. The scientists hope that within the next three or four years the "Noise Next Door" can be banished from British homes.

The New Tower That Brings Heat

Though still cheek by jowl with conditions of scarcely believable squalor, a new age of comfort is slowly dawning for the ordinary homes of Britain. And beside the Thames today rises one of that age's newest landmarks—a high round tower of gleaming glass. In the sub-station below, sitting before an instrument panel which registers the temperatures in sample rooms, one man will control the supply of hot water and heat to 10,000 people in the flat blocks alongside. Fortunate people, these Westminster City Council tenants, for they will achieve a standard of warmth 2½ times that of the average working-class home—at a fraction of the cost.

The high glass tower, rising like a vision of tomorrow, is a "heat accumulator," source of Mrs. Smith's constant hot water—for "district heating" is a by-product of power generation, a by-product which might otherwise run to waste. Fed by pipes beneath the Thames, the heat accumulator means that the heat may be supplied whenever it suits the power station's needs, stored up in the glass tower until Mrs. Smith wants a bath or is feeling cold.

"District heating," said S. B. Donkin, designer of the scheme, "should have a future because it is so much more economic. Electrical heating alone has today an average efficiency of twenty-two per cent; heating from boilers of fifty-five to sixty per cent. District heating on on the heat-electric system shows an overall efficiency of seventy-five per cent. That means a big saving for the nation."

The homes of the people are the mould of the nation. For a 100 years we have suffered for the folly of a generation that cared only to build fast. We, too, today, must build fast. But we can also build well. For in 1950 no nation in the world knows how to do it better. THE END

LAST CIGARETTE

by *DUDLEY BARKER*

ILLUSTRATED BY NARRAWAY

He had five to smoke . . . One now, one at dawn, one for the trial, one to face the firing squad. That still left one more before he died

DMITRI SEATED HIMSELF with dignity on the floor, away from the hot square of sunlight from the small barred window, and leaned his back against the broken plaster of the wall.

He refused to take any interest in the window. Let Joam scramble on to the bench to gaze out at the white houses of the village with the slogans scrawled upon them, at the unkempt soldiers wandering in the empty square under the dusty trees, and at the brown peaks of the mountains contemplating the sky. That was what anyone would expect of Joam—a scramble for the window in the cringing hope of some miraculous rescue. They both knew there would be no rescue.

Dmitri thought with regret that he would sooner have shared this situation with anybody rather than Joam. With Giorgi, for example, who had died from a chance bullet out there among the rocks, or even with Benni the Italian. But it turned out to be Joam. Dmitri shrugged. He was not a man to argue with fate.

Besides, he had a problem—the cigarettes. There were ten in the paper packet in his shirt pocket. They were loosely packed cigarettes, not of the first quality. But the quality did not matter. It was the number. Ten.

It must now be nearly noon. It was unlikely that they would be shot before the following morning, for he supposed there would be some mockery of a trial, probably in the early evening, when the commander of the soldiers had taken his meal. He had already caught a glimpse of the commander, a thin, nervous-looking man like a schoolmaster, and had shrewdly guessed that he would go through the formalities as some sort of libation to his conscience.

The trial, then, in the evening, and the execution the following morning. He did not resent the certainty that his capture would be swiftly followed by his death. Had fortune gone the other way he would have acted thus towards his prisoners. It was inevitable and just. Bandit as they called him, or freedom fighter as he styled himself—what did the names matter? The penalty of failure on either side was death, that was understood.

What he did care about was the manner in which he faced his death. Since the beginning he had nursed this terror, that when the time came he would show his fears outwardly, even beg for mercy. He was not proud, as they thought him. This he had seen happen to other men, and he could not be sure that it would not happen also to him.

That was chiefly why he groaned to himself about Joam. With any of the others it would have been much easier, but this wretched man would be no prop; far more likely that Joam would grovel and infect him with his own cowardice.

At the thought, his throat craved a cigarette. And that brought him back to the central problem. The ten cigarettes.

If he could space them so that, at every moment of crisis, there was one to put to his lips and light with a steady match from his small tin box, then, he thought, he could carry the matter off. But he had to decide clearly in his mind what the crises were and when they would come, so that he could be certain of a last cigarette for the last moment of all. Of that he had to be sure.

"There is some dust rising," said Joam suddenly from the window, "on the far edge of the next

Continued on page 29

The man at the window began to get on his nerves. He said rashly: "Come and have a cigarette"

Double tornado for the

by ERIC BENNETT

A rushing, shrieking wind that snapped stout trees; then a lull of incredible calm—and again the sky went black.... Continuing the first full account of England's Tornado Sunday, May 21

GROUP CAPTAIN R. A. MCMURTRIE, D.S.O., D.F.C., commander of the R.A.F. air station at Cardington, was spending a quiet Sunday afternoon at home with his wife. It had been a stormy afternoon and they were indoors at The Barns, Fenlake, on the south-eastern outskirts of Bedford.

Just before 5.45 p.m. there were new flashes of sheet lightning and the skies went black. Then came a rushing wind swirling in from the south with a wild shriek. A hundred yards away on the river bank a line of ancient trees, stout in girth, groaned and snapped. The house shook. Then with a roar the tornado had passed.

There followed a moment of incredible calm and not a leaf moved. Group Captain McMurtrie looked out of the window and saw that his garden had escaped damage; also his car, which was standing outside. He ran out and put the car away. When he had come in from the garage it was nearly six o'clock. And once again the sky went black. This time the wind came with a roar, and it came from the south-west.

As Mrs. McMurtrie switched on the light in the hall she saw their dog, who was deaf and could not hear the noise outside, standing in bristling astonishment. The dog was watching the runner carpet in the hallway, which was lying parallel to the ground—but four feet in the air, as if it had been levitated. The up-suction of the tornado held it there until the whirlwind had passed.

After The Wind Came The Hail

Outside, trees were going down like ninepins. A sixty-foot high Scotch fir was pulled up by the roots and toppled bridgewise across the river. The top half and the big boughs of a large beech tree were snapped off and hurled away. The tiles on the outhouses were stripped off on the lee side: that is, they were whirled away by the after-suction of the wind. Mud, leaves and water from the river were whipped up and plastered against the walls and windows of the house. Then the wind had passed and the great hailstones came.

The waters of the river rose steadily and quickly and the floods that followed approached with the visible swelling of a nightmare film scene. Fortunately, before the water had reached winter flood level, the lock gates at Cardington collapsed and the river dropped again.

Now Group Captain McMurtrie is probably unique in the history of Britain as being a man who stood in the path of two tornadoes in Britain on the same day. The one which did the damage was the major column of air that started at Dunsmore, south of Wendover, and, when it reached Fenlake, had blazed a trail of wreckage for thirty miles. But the minor one, which hit Fenlake, where it crossed the path of the major tornado, was an entirely independent system.

It had begun at about 5.30 p.m. near Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, where earlier that day two men had been killed by lightning while sheltering under trees. This tornado had a front of only five yards at one stage. That measurement is accurate, because at Chapel End it thrust between two barns, fifteen feet apart, without harming them, but raised a tall column of water from the duck pond in the middle.

It then rose and dropped again to hit hard at Duck End, where a large number of fruit trees were uprooted, with damage estimated at some £300. Keeping almost due north it swept across Fenlake and finally lifted at Goldington, another part of the Bedford outskirts, about a mile beyond. It had only a brief run of some seven miles, but it caused severe havoc and would have been a matter for wonder—if its senior partner had not been performing on a grander scale.

The major tornado had changed course slightly again and was now travelling almost due north-east. After Fenlake it took another lift, refreshed itself and descended at Wyboston, about three miles south of St. Neots, where it removed the tiles from the roof of a Methodist chapel. It skimmed by Holywell and Needingworth, near St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, and just beyond that town took a swipe at Earith. Then it bounced hard on Sutton, which is six miles west of Ely. Here it flung over a double-decker bus, twisted off the tops of trees sixteen inches in diameter, and tore up fields of gooseberry bushes. And that was its last strike. The tornado gradually lifted higher as its black swirl eddied across Norfolk. It was last seen as a menacing and picturesque cloud effect off Blakeney, on the north coast of Norfolk, before it disappeared into the murk over the North Sea.

The third tornado of that famous May 21 started later than the others, and perhaps for that reason had practically no effect. It began with the usual swirling cloud effects and finally connected with its up-current at about 6.30 p.m. near Caldecote in Bedfordshire. It shot off on a north-north-easterly course, which would have brought it across the track of the major tornado, but, after passing to the west of Biggleswade, it lifted and was not seen or heard of again.

The calm, clear evening which set in from the west after the hailstorm that followed the immediate track of the great tornado helped the rescue workers. Fortunately it was Sunday and had been stormy, or there would have been loss of life as well as material damage. The rain had driven most people indoors by teatime and the cattle had taken shelter, too.

Jeep Swept Away By The Flood

The tornado caused no direct casualties. But there were the two men killed by lightning, and a child was thrown from her horse near Bedford, when the animal took fright at the approaching whirlwind. She died later in hospital. Another small child was drowned when flood waters swept away the stationary jeep in which she was sitting.

Immediately after the havoc fire brigades went into action. At Gingers Farm, Aston Clinton, the neighbouring farmers turned out to give a hand. Major Franklin, Ministry of Agriculture veterinary surgeon, hurried over with his pistol. To his surprise and relief there were no injured cattle to be put out of misery. Fred Williamson, the farmer, walked round checking his losses. "The trailer has gone," he announced. But it had not. The heavy four-wheeled trailer had been standing in a field with a half-ton load of fertilizer on it. It had been lifted bodily over the hedge and deposited, still on its wheels, in the middle of the next field.

In Linslade, the work was tackled with a will. It had to be quick work, for some families were left with only one room intact. The Ministry of Supply depôt at Elstow provided 450 tarpaulins to cover roofs, and the fire brigade set to work to clear up the shambles. It was so busy that it could not cope with the secondary effects of the tornado at neighbouring Leighton Buzzard. There, the hailstorms and heavy rain which had accompanied the flanks of the great wind had caused the rivers to rise. The River Ouzel overflowed late in the evening and flooded the streets.

At Bedford, the tornado side-effects also caused flooding. The Great Ouse burst its banks at Kempston, a suburb of Bedford, and flooded the High Street. Water a yard deep flowed into ground-floor rooms. But the floods, like the

Farmer Williamson on site of a building wrecked by the tornado. Parts of it lie against haystacks

McMurtries

tornado, were of brief duration and they were receding next day. Everywhere the builders moved in and for a month afterwards the path of the tornado could be traced by the distant silhouettes of tilers perched on rooftops.

Now what did cause the remarkable weather of May 21? The meteorologists are hard at work on the job but their final report is not expected for some weeks. However, they had a fortunate start because the Central Forecasting Office at Dunstable is only some half-dozen miles as the crow flies from the tornado's path.

Thunderstorms had occurred through the morning and early afternoon, and thunderstorms always create an up-current of air, such as forms the central shaft of a tornado. Normally this up-current operates at a height of about 10,000 feet up to 15,000 feet. But on this day clouds at the base of the thunderstorm were circling violently in opposed directions at different levels.

How A Whirlwind Is Started

At about 4 p.m. it was noticed that the low-lying clouds over the area between Dunstable and Luton were moving in an easterly direction, and the clouds at 10,000 feet were driving towards the south-west. This rotating centre did not come to anything, although it might easily have resulted in a tornado. But a little later similar conditions were observed on either side of the Great Missenden-Wendover valley. In this case the rotating clouds came down much lower and the up-current of the thunderstorm, of which these clouds formed part of the base, apparently derived from near the earth's surface.

It is interesting to note that the tornado, which was formed from these circling currents of air round a central shaft, was first seen descending from one of the highest points in Buckinghamshire. The great tornado whirled in an anti-clockwise direction: the evidence was on the ground in the twisted shapes of trees and the beaten lanes of nettles. And it is curious that the current which did the damage was the southerly one, swinging immediately east of the centre of the vortex. The northerly stream of air on the other side of the whirligig was not so strong.

Meteorologists believe that tornadoes in the upper air after thunderstorms are more common in Britain than is generally thought, and that broken boughs from treetops found after heavy storms are often caused by these rotating currents. But in those cases the trail of destruction rarely stretches more than 200 yards, and the tornado floats off into great heights.

Damage Covered Sixty Miles

Even the second tornado on May 21 had a run of seven miles with several hard strikes, but the great one swept across England for 120 miles, dipping at intervals to cause damage over the first sixty miles of its course. It covered the most destructive twelve miles from Wendover to Linslade in about thirty-five minutes; then it speeded up a little as it swooped less and met less ground interference. From Linslade to Fenlake, some twenty miles, took about half an hour. What made the tornado most unusual was its successive regenerations. The "revving up" process which occurred when it lowered to earth level after each lift is a puzzle for the met. experts.

The last comparable tornado in the British Isles happened in October, 1913, when a whirlwind swept up the Taff Valley in South Wales and passed over Pontypridd. But as the general weather situation then was different, that may not help the scientists. Whatever the final findings of the meteorological report, the general opinion in Bucks and Beds, with the concurrence of certain citizens in Hunts and Cambs, is that May 21, 1950, was quite a day. THE END

Blitz-like effect of the tornado. One puzzle: what made it "rev up" during its 120-mile run?

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE (5)

We bring back the Emperor penguin

by BERNARD STONEHOUSE

I meet the world's strangest birds at close quarters... Stonehouse describes the closing phase of his thousand days in the Antarctic

Uncle Joe, one of the two Antarctic finds now at London Zoo, dwarfs all the other penguins

ALL OF US AT BASE E, except the two surveyors, had been expecting to go home. The failure of the relief ship to get through came as rather a blow, and what we said about the Antarctic does not bear repetition. As there was nothing to be done about it, we started planning for another year.

My plans were to spend the winter on the Emperor penguin rookery I had discovered the previous spring. Little or nothing was known of these birds at the time; if I could add something to the subject, another winter in the Antarctic might be worth while after all. I started preparing right away for an extended stay at the rookery, and early in June I set out with Dalgliesh and Jones, supported by Spivey and Dr. Fuchs, the Base E leader, who came to help with our loads. There were four teams, two of which were to stay with us on the rookery in case of emergency.

The journey out in clear, cold weather was uneventful. We reached the rookery in five days, camped in a sheltered position on the island and started making ourselves comfortable. Fuchs and Spivey left us to our own devices and returned to base. It did not take long to settle in. We pitched a pyramid two-man tent, which I intended to use as a laboratory, and a larger three-man tent for our living quarters; and we piled snow around a split in the rocks to form an igloo. There we housed the radio and stores.

I wanted to get a series of embryos, from the earliest recognizable stage in the development right through to the time they are ready to be hatched. Their preservation was not always easy. The specimens had to be left in the fixative liquid at a moderate temperature for twelve hours, and the only way to do this was to take the bottles into the sleeping-bag with me at night. Adult penguins had to be skinned for museum specimens, organs preserved and skeletons obtained by chipping frozen flesh away from bones. And all my observations had to be written down.

First Guests Of The Emperor

Emperor penguins had been sketched, photographed and watched, but no one had ever lived with them so intimately before. Because of their remote habitat and awkward breeding season, they were an outpost in the vast territory of ornithological discovery. Finding the rookery so easily accessible from base was an extraordinary stroke of good fortune for me.

In the summer the Emperor penguins are gay and sportive. Sometimes they are to be seen on long journeys inland, strutting and tobogganing in the snow, or fishing from the pack ice. But in the winter they become serious, slow-moving and dull. They were disinterested in our presence and indifferent about what we did to them. They even submitted to being marked, measured and examined. They are the largest of the penguins, and vastly different in character and habits from any of the other species, standing about four feet in height and weighing between seventy-five and ninety pounds.

Several factors have ensured the continuance of this race of penguins, hatched as they are in the open, with the air temperatures at times registering minus 70 degrees F. They are protected against the Antarctic winters by a thick layer of blubber under the skin and two oily coverings of feathers that stick up to trap an air blanket outside. Next, instead of making nests and fighting, they huddle together for warmth. Eggs and chicks are held under a loose fold of heavily feathered skin between the legs and lower abdomen; it ought to be quite comfortable, as the parent has the high body temperature of 103 degrees F. Eggs are incubated continuously for eight weeks until the chick is hatched, during which time the parent lives on his constitution. After that the young are cradled by both parents, who are identical in size and colour and similar in behaviour.

Chicks don't seem to be recognized by their

Last men to leave Stonington Island are helped to assemble stores by crew of *John Biscoe*, which rammed a way through pack ice to reach the base

own parents: they belong to the community and are fed on regurgitated fish with the assistance of all the adults of the rookery. The adults work on a series of instincts. When Nature says "Incubate," they incubate: an egg, a live chick, a dead chick—it doesn't matter particularly. I have persuaded broody Emperors to incubate dead fish, my camera, even a bar of chocolate—they were perfectly happy about it. When Nature says "Feed," they feed and will offer food to the same odd assortment of articles if their chick is withdrawn temporarily.

It was unfortunately necessary to kill these lovely birds from time to time. I used a lethal mixture which dealt with them speedily, but grim stories have been told by other observers of their unsuccessful attempts to kill them. A tap on the skull, which would kill a larger bird, merely makes an Emperor scratch his head. The adults are tough and can stand a great deal of rough handling from leopard seals or the elements without succumbing. Few other living things have this resilience. Part of the explanation is to be found in their stubborn stupidity. Like so many other delightful creatures in this world, Emperor penguins are beautiful but dumb. How else could they have accepted as a habitat the most inhospitable territory on earth, picked the most uncomfortable season to breed, and go on living?

On Each Other's Nerves

The discomfort of wintering at the rookery was our cramped living quarters. Two of us slept on the floor, occupying two sides of the tent, and the third slept on the side away from the door, raised up on a shelf. The winter days were short and bad weather kept us under cover for long periods that were illuminated only by candles and a smoky paraffin lamp. We suffered a lot from eye-strain and occasionally got on each other's nerves, but our bird-watching had its moments.

We celebrated Midwinter Day by opening a special food box marked *Do not open until M-W Day*. It had been packed and carried carefully by Q.M. Spivey, and contained tins of tongue, sardines, soup, tomatoes, peaches and several other delicacies, a bottle of whisky, a Christmas pudding, Midwinter Day presents for us and three engraved cards executed by Colin Brown. There were greetings from the bases and the Governor, and we were told to stand by shortly to listen to "Calling Base E," the twelve B.B.C. broadcast messages from our relatives and friends.

The chicks were all hatched by the beginning of August. Though there was still plenty to be observed, we started making preparations to return. Dr. Fuchs and Adie arrived on August 12, and stayed nine or ten days, feeding up their dogs on seal meat, taking movie shots of the penguins, and doing short trips to the off-lying islands to collect rock specimens. The weather was at its worst, and one day, during a ninety-knot gale, Dr. Fuchs suddenly noticed that his bitch Lizzie was missing from the dog line. As the wind was driving towards the rookery, and a loose dog always runs downwind, there we rushed in panic.

Chaos Among The Penguins

Sure enough Lizzie had run amok in the rookery. Birds were rushing about with the dog in pursuit, abandoning their chicks to the icy wind. Dave Jones caught Lizzie, hooked her to a chain and pulled her back to the lines. She had mauled one penguin very badly; I killed it. Two or three others had been bitten; they survived. But the birds were upset, and it took some doing to get them to accept and shelter the live chicks we had picked up. In the end two chicks were left, which no adult would take. We took them back to the camp, where Dalgliesh restored them with brandy, wrapped them in warm cotton wool and thawed them out over the Primus. They were very nearly dead, but gradually perked up, lively as ever. They spent the night in a biscuit tin, whistling cheerfully for food every four hours, breakfasted next morning on mashed fish and milk. At the rookery the wind had dropped, the birds were calmer and two of them took over the chicks right away.

The day before we were due to leave, we assembled the prefabricated wooden box that had been made for the purpose, caught four adults, one with a chick, and put one in each compartment of the box. They settled down without any fuss, and seemed quite happy in their quarters. The next day I took a last look at what must be one of the most glorious sights in the world: a rookery of graceful, colourful, statuesque Emperor penguins. Then I turned and ran down the slope to where the sledges were ready to move off.

We had a rough journey back, with heavily laden sledges, bad weather and very bad surfaces. The day before we reached base the temperature was down to minus 41 deg. F. After three months of continual use, our sleeping-bags were stiff and frozen, and we slept with two Primus stoves on all night. It was a relief to get back to the hut.

For the next five months we made pets of the Emperor penguins, kept them in a large pen outside the hut and fed them on fish. One unfortunate day a blizzard piled up the snow inside the pen and two walked away over the top, right out of our lives. The remainder ate voraciously. We called the adult penguins Charlie and Uncle Joe. The chick we called Secfid, after Ken Butler, who had become secretary to F.I.D.S. (Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey) and had acquired the code name Secfid. Both were noisy and cheerful. Charlie looked after Secfid, regurgitating food for him, for a penguin chick feeds by pushing its beak down an adult's gullet.

The trouble was that the chick was insatiable. However much I fed Charlie, it all went to Secfid, who increased in weight at a phenomenal rate, while Charlie's condition suffered. Even if we kept the two apart, Charlie would save up the food until Secfid had to be brought in to relieve him of a distended stomach. Ultimately, Charlie was attacked by enteritis, and in November he died. We thought his death would affect Secfid, but, to our pleasure and surprise, the chick went on eating straight from our hands without further fuss or remorse.

We Begin To Make Headlines

The southern sledging party, the main party of the year, returned just after Charlie died. November had been a pretty busy month for most of us. The six members of the southern party were still out when I had established a camp at the Adélie penguin rookery on Red Rock Ridge to complete the observations I had begun two years previously. Jones and Blaiklock covered a stretch of the northern coast again to finish off the survey of the islands left over from the previous trips.

Christmas, 1949, seemed to focus the attention of the world on our activities, and there were some rather colourful Press articles concerning our possible fate if the *John Biscoe* did not get through. But the *Biscoe* had already cleared some of the northern bases and an aircraft rescue attempt was being organized from Deception

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Island. Ken Butler, our leader of the first year, had returned to take charge of the aircraft party.

New Year of 1950 was pregnant with fresh hopes. We knew the aircraft were now flying, and it was just a matter of time before they could be flown over to Stonington Island. This depended entirely on the weather. The *John Biscoe* arrived at Base F. That was big news. But when we heard that the Norseman was there, too, we sensed that things were moving.

Every morning the met. men would have a radio talk, comparing the weather at the three bases. Once everything was set for a flight down, but the weather suddenly started to look doubtful at Base E and the attempt had to be called off. Another day F was bathed in sunshine, while we at E were experiencing a blizzard.

A Day I Will Remember

January 27, 1950, is a significant date in my memory. It started doubtfully, but as the morning wore on it looked promising and the met. men were finally agreed it was suitable for flying. We had been expecting the Norseman and spotted the plane out over the hills early in the afternoon. She flew low, wagging her wings as we stood on the roof of the hut, waving madly. Then she circled over again, dropped a leg of mutton and flew off into Neny Fjord. There, to our surprise, she landed on the water.

We had inspected the fjord that morning and found brash ice and small pans, which we had thought would require quite a lot of wind to move, but just before the Norseman landed, the pilot had radioed through to say that if Randall and I wanted to leave they would take us off immediately. We had been picked to go first because Randall was not too well, and Dalgliesh suspected that I might have appendicitis.

Rowed Out Through The Ice

Between us and the floating Norseman were two miles of fairly solid ice, which we could walk over with some difficulty, and about two miles of pack ice, which would have to be negotiated by dory. The dory had been positioned at the edge of the ice, and there we hurried, as fast as our legs would carry us, while two others undertook to harness a dog team, load our personal gear and follow on as soon as possible.

Huckle, Randall and I were the first to reach the dory. As there was room in it only for three, Huckle accompanied us to return with Ken Butler, who was to take Randall's place as radio operator. We rowed between the pans, myself in the bow pushing large chunks of ice out of the way with my boots while the others worked the oars, but we had often to hop out, manhandle the boat over a large pan and launch her the other side. In brilliant sunshine this was very hot work indeed, stripped as we were to the waist, with shirts and jackets in the dory.

I did not think we'd make it, because the aircraft had landed in an open lane of water, the wind had changed and the ice was closing in. But we did make it, just in time for us to change places with Ken Butler and wave to poor John, panting triumphantly in the dory. Pete St. Louis, a young, bearded Canadian, was the pilot. He opened the throttle and in a few seconds we were airborne, our floats missing the closing pack-ice by scarcely a few yards. My last impression of Base E was of a conglomeration of white humps on the flat, piebald kidney-shaped island.

We touched down at Base F and taxied up to the *John Biscoe*. Sir Miles Clifford, Governor of the Falklands, was waiting for us on board, and led us immediately to his cabin for a celebration. Jones, Huckle and Adie arrived six days later, with the Emperor penguins and our personal gear.

Last Lap By Plane

We were flown to Deception Island —the five of us, baggage and all. Jones, Randall and myself with the penguins continued by a naval sloop to the Falklands, and on to Montevideo by the *Fitzroy*. The penguins were put aboard a K.L.M. plane and sent to England as a present from the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey to the London Zoo. We followed three days later by British South American Airways, arriving at London Airport on March 16.

Meanwhile, the *John Biscoe* had nosed her way south through the pack ice, ramming it very much in the manner of the *Trepassey* on our way out three years before; the relief ship had reached Stonington Island and Base E had been evacuated and closed indefinitely. The windows of the hut were boarded over, the doors bolted against the weather, and blankets, food and fuel left, as is the custom in the Antarctic, for wayfarers. But seven dog teams were thrown out of work, and it was decided that only half their number could be kept on at Base F until another sledging base was opened in two or three years.

Thirty-one dogs were shot. It was with a sad heart I heard that Raven and Crow, and Chico, my new pup, were among them. If there are sledging journeys in the hereafter, perhaps they're waiting in another world where good huskies go. THE END

Can we defend the West?
by LIDDELL HART

CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART, world-acknowledged military authority, has just ended an intensive tour of Western Europe. In a revealing article next week—the first of a series he is writing specially for JOHN BULL—he produces first-hand evidence about the defence of the Continent.

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JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Learning to be a parson

by KEITH ELLIS

With prayer and study the student will learn how to deliver a good sermon—or ring the church bells and hob-nob with the Boy Scouts

ONLY MEN WITH A PURPOSE go to Cuddesdon College. The nearest town is eight miles away; the local pub is out of bounds. The bus service is such that they can only visit a cinema or theatre on Saturday afternoons, and even then they have to return at half-past five. The programme of prayer and study, lasting from seven fifteen in the morning until ten at night, with a rule of silence to follow, explains why the fifty students are prepared to spend two years in what would seem to their fellows intolerable isolation. They are studying for the priesthood of the Church of England.

When he first came to Cuddesdon eight months ago, Freddie Fuller, plump, genial, thirty-year-old ex-R.A.F. officer, with a perpetual grin wrinkling his pale blue eyes, found the discipline hard. "I hated it," he says. Since then he has found compensations in the closely knit community life of a Christian family, centred on the worship of their college chapel.

Swing, Sports And Devotion

The common-room is the focus of social life. Curtains of gold and rust-red, easy-chairs grouped informally round a fire of blazing logs, magazines and papers on the tables and a piano as likely to be giving forth swing as classical music combine to produce a warm, friendly atmosphere not found in larger colleges.

Fuller plays hockey, tennis and squash ("rugger only in an emergency"), is co-editor of *Pie*, a breezy student magazine, and takes part in the weekly "Bright Hour," an extemporary review put on in the common-room after Evensong on Sunday nights. "We're so isolated that we depend on each other for everything," he says.

But the emphasis is on the building up of the devotional life and on study. Most of these young men—the average age is twenty-six—have given up the prospect of well-paid jobs in business or the professions for the service of the Church. Each feels the tremendous responsibilities that the vocation of the priesthood demands. Yet each is aware of his personal inadequacy.

What is vocation? How does it come to a man and what is its effect on his life? Fuller compares it with falling in love. "It may come at first sight or it may take longer. It is a feeling that gradually grows on you and finally becomes so strong that you have no choice but to seek ordination."

He himself had a normal religious upbringing. He joined the local church choir and, when he was old enough, became a server. The realization that he must take a greater part in the service of the Church came to him only when he was eighteen. Some months later he thought he was quite sure of his vocation and sought the advice of his vicar.

He met with apparent discouragement which seemed almost hostility. "Go away and think about it," said the vicar, "then come and see me again." He pointed out all the disadvantages.

Though a little discouraged, Fuller was still sure in his own mind. War broke out. He was called up into the R.A.F. Several times he wrote to the vicar and received similarly discouraging replies.

Home on leave one day, he asked if there was any parish work he could do. The vicar mentioned a few odd jobs about the church and Fuller got on with them. A few hours later, when he was repairing the top of the pulpit, the vicar himself came into the church. "There's plenty of room inside the pulpit for you," he said.

It was the first indication he had given that he thought Fred had a genuine vocation. He explained later that he had been purposely discouraging to make sure Fuller was not deluded by a youthful fancy.

Conducting His First Services

Fuller was eventually commissioned in the R.A.F. and posted to Mount Hope in Canada. He was appointed a lay reader by the Bishop of Niagara and spent much of his spare time conducting services in Canadian churches.

Besides himself there were six other intending priests in his unit. Of the seven, four are now at training colleges in England and two are ordained. The other was killed in an air-crash. "When the news came to us," said Fuller, "we decided that each of us must do at least one-sixth more to make up for the loss."

Meanwhile, they spread the gospel in their own unit. A chapel, built by the men, was used by Anglicans, Roman Catholics and nonconformists alike. One Sunday, when the chaplain was away, three of them volunteered to take the morning parade service. They were provided with chairs set on a small platform in front of the congregation. All went well until the man who was taking the service moved his chair too far back and fell head over heels behind the organ.

It was about this time that Fuller made one of those personal sacrifices that the Church so often calls on her ministers to make. He had fallen in love with a Canadian girl who, he thinks, would have married him. A clergyman's choice of wife always presents difficulties. He has to be sure that she, too, has his vocation for a life of sacrifice, including, perhaps, the maintaining of a twenty-room vicarage on less than six pounds a week.

Fuller was sure in this respect. But the war was still on. After demobilization at an unknown date in the future, he still reckoned on spending five years training for the priesthood. After much heart-searching, he decided he could not ask her to wait so long. "Since then, she's married a Canadian," says Fuller, "and his gain has been my loss."

Posted back to England, he held a variety of staff appointments from adjutant at Cranwell to personnel staff officer. He enjoyed the life so

Students of Cuddesdon—the "school" for parsons. Most are ex-Servicemen, average age twenty-six

much that, when it was suggested that he should apply for a permanent commission, he agreed, despite his prior vocation. His air officer commanding and senior officers were enthusiastic. He was recommended and the Air Ministry letter of appointment gave him three weeks in which to make up his mind.

But he had also been recommended by another board, appointed by the Central Advisory Committee on Training for the Ministry, conducted in a country mansion. It consisted of a bishop, three chaplains, the headmaster of a well-known public school, and a London bank manager. All who feel a vocation for the priesthood are referred to such a board, which tests and advises them.

Choice Was Not In Doubt

While he was making up his mind about the commission, he was asked by St. Catharine's, the college in Cambridge at which he would first have to take a degree, whether he intended going up the following October.

"I wrote a favourable reply to each," says Fuller. "I stood in front of a pillar-box with both in my hand but there could be no doubt as to my choice. I posted the one to St. Catharine's. The R.A.F. was not for me."

He found the attitude of his friends both interesting and amusing. As soon as his R.A.F. comrades heard that he was an ordinand, they christened him "The Bishop." His tailor found his waist measurement had increased slightly. "All you gentlemen who go in for the Church put on weight. Never mind," he added, patting Fred's tummy, "you'll soon have the right chassis for a bishop."

After taking a degree in history at Cambridge, Fuller entered Cuddesdon College to prepare for his ministry and to study for the general ordination examination. Because the college is overcrowded—fifty-six instead of the usual forty-two—Fuller is in a nearby cottage. He has a small bed-sitting room, simply furnished with a table, two chairs, and an electric radiator. There is a crucifix over his bed and devotional pictures on the wall. "And this is absolutely necessary," he said, pointing to his alarm clock. "We have to get up in the middle of the night."

In order to be in time for first shift in the college bathrooms, Fuller rises at six fifteen. At seven fifteen he joins the other students in chapel for half an hour's silent meditation, followed by Matins and the Eucharist. Breakfast is at eight thirty-five. Except for an afternoon break, students are expected to spend the rest of the day working. If they are not at lectures, they study Greek, Hebrew and Church subjects in their own room or the college library.

Learning Through Silence

Each week, Fuller writes an essay for his tutor, whom he sees for an hour in a tutorial. Each term he has a different tutor, so that by the end of his course—two years—he will have been taught by every member of the staff. Once a term, thirty-six hours are set aside for meditation and devotion. All work is dropped and absolute silence is observed. Seven times a day the students go to services and one of them reads aloud at meals.

Fred, who is a talkative fellow, at first found it something of a trial. "But it's a refreshing experience," he says. "If it could be extended to other walks of life, everyone would benefit."

Twice a week he can expect his name to appear on the rota for washing-up and once more for serving meals. Since these duties are shared by the staff, it is a common sight to see the Principal, the Rev. Kenneth Riches, M.A., drying dishes with an apron round his waist or serving the sweet in Hall, or the Chaplain working the plate-washing machine.

Once during his course, in addition to preaching and taking services in the local hospital and churches, he is expected to deliver a good-length sermon to the whole college gathered in the parish church. Afterwards they will criticize it in class, both terrifying experiences.

Ninety per cent of the men at Cuddesdon are ex-Service and receive a grant of £90 a year from the Ministry of Education. Their tuition and accommodation is also paid for. Most students take jobs in the vacations, some doing teaching and parish work, others preferring manual labour.

A glance at *Pie* shows that they are in no danger of taking themselves too seriously. David Rutter, a corpulent, bespectacled student who acts as organist and choirmaster, glories in the nickname of "The Bishop of Garsington" (a nearby village).

There is a story that a Cuddesdon man was saying his prayers in his pyjamas one night when he heard a sound behind him. He ignored it and carried on. A few minutes later he felt a tickling sensation behind and, investigating, was horrified to find a mouse halfway up his trouser-leg. Now he prays in cycle-clips!

Odd Jobs For The Parson

Some of the training is devoted to the incidental jobs that a parson is sometimes expected to tackle in his parish. Every clergyman should be able to handle a bell, and the college teaches its students to master this difficult art. They scorn the use of bell-ringing charts. Before he leaves Cuddesdon, Fuller will have to attend a series of lectures at Culham Teachers' Training College. He has also joined the Rover crew. "You've got to know something about Scouts, otherwise you'll be caught out by twelve-year-olds in your parish." And if you ask him why he spent much valuable time on *Varsity*, the Cambridge undergraduate newspaper, he'll tell you to look at the atrocious editing of the average parish magazine.

Towards the end of his training, each student meets the Principal to discuss his future work. He may prefer a new housing estate, a shipbuilding parish in the North, the chaplaincy of a factory. Whatever he chooses is considered in the light of his suitability. The Principal then tries to contact a vicar who will take him on as an apprentice. Finally, the bishop of the diocese is approached with a view to ordination.

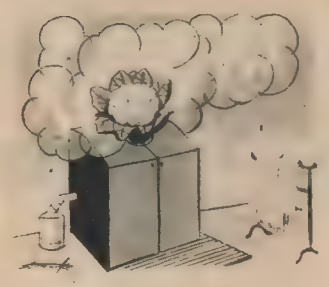
Though Fuller pointed out a list of eighty-five vacancies, ranging from hospitals to holiday camps, advertised in the *Church Times*, students practically never seek a "title" in this way. Salaries of the vacancies advertised ranged from £270 to £350 per annum, with the occasional addition of a Whitsuntide collection or a house. The only exceptions were hospitals under the National Health Service, which offered salaries averaging £600 per annum.

Fuller himself hopes to work in an industrial and residential parish in the Midlands. Since the vicar is an ex-Serviceman of the first World War, ordained at the same age as Fuller is now, he hopes he will understand his problems.

"He and his wife both have the gift of understanding their people and he is willing to share his experience with me," says Fred. "But you can make it clear that, wherever we go, our aim is not merely to fill churches but to help individual souls to find the love of God."

THE END

NOW YOU KNOW



BRIGHT, colourful vegetables help to make a meal appetizing, but don't sacrifice nourishment for appearance. For instance, bicarbonate of soda preserves the natural colour of vegetables in cooking but tends to destroy their vitamin C.

You'll find steamed vegetables retain their flavour better than boiled, and it is widely believed that they have more food value cooked that way.

And it's worth the extra trouble to scrub vegetables if they are not too old. Close under the skin are natural salts which you are liable to lose if you use a knife or potato peeler.

THE SCARLET SWORD

Continued from page 9

correspondent; satiated with rushing about continents looking for a war about which to correspond. He was tired of India and tired of himself. He was tired most of all of cables from London that sent him on infuriating and fruitless assignments in impossible places. His journey to Kashmir was one of them. The only war he wanted to find, he thought, was one between himself and a forty-pound mahseer in a snow-fed stream.

He looked up to find Father Simpson gazing with melancholy unrest at the Hindu girl. Her scarlet, elliptical mouth was blowing smoke against the sun; her yellow and orange sari was cheap and tawdry and too bright. Her head was so thrown back that her big turquoise ear-rings were like painted blue slides holding up the fringes of her black hair, and her fingers were so covered with rings that they were like slender silver barrels tipped with scarlet thimbles.

He remembered suddenly seeing just such girls, with just such resentful, sullen eyes, down the dock roads of Bombay.

"She doesn't belong here," he said.

"She is a bad girl." Father Simpson stared away from her, at the opposite bank of the river, pleasantly thick with white poplar and willow and plane trees, with its line of painted house-boats beyond the landing stage. His cheeks were a little flushed; he seemed guilty and embarrassed at being caught in the act of looking at her.

"She came up on the truck."

"I know. I saw her."

"She's just a prostitute. She has to live——"

"Don't use that word. Don't talk of her." Father Simpson took sudden, jumpy steps, seizing Crane's suitcase. "We are here. We are getting off."

He pressed forward among the Indians, aloof and miserable and affronted, his corpulence aggravated, his brown habit winged about by fluttering dhotis. In the few moments before the raft hit the jetty piles his mind pranced wildly about, seeking less inflammable things for discussion.

"We may have to walk. Do you mind? You are lucky to get a rickshaw that will go up the hill."

"Anything you say."

"We are very glad to have you here and it was very nice of Dr. Mackenzie to tell you about us."

Mackenzie was a tough and melancholy west-coast Scot whom thirty-five years of medical trial in India had not succeeded in defeating. He knew everyone there was to know. Crane had merely to mention his assignment to Kashmir for Mackenzie to say: "Go and see Anstey. He's a priest and a damn good one. I'll telegraph him you're coming. He'll put you up. You can stay there."

That had been four or five days ago. Tired, sucked bloodless by a long summer of ruthless heat, he had struggled up-country by train and truck through an atmosphere of tense and growing jitteriness. Stupid, cow-like crowds and an explosive vapour of the air had revived all his impatience with priests and the peculiar uselessness of all priesthood at a time when it seemed likely that one half of India was about to butcher the other. He bitterly regretted coming; there would be no telegraphic facilities, no contacts, no means of sifting truth from rumour, nothing.

THE priest, too, was worried. He shuffled forward, silenced and nervous. Here is a man who looks at prostitutes, he thought, and swears by God. Frantically his mind searched, once again, for changes of subject. He talks of prostitutes; he swears by God: how on earth are we going to get on with each other? A cloud of dhotis began to slide from the raft. The pressure of weight against the jetty flung passengers forward in a single jolted mass and he felt Indian flesh pressed, for the space of an awkward second or two, against his own.

"I see a rickshaw," he said, extending his neck. "We may be lucky."

Looking round to see if Crane was listening, he was horrified to see him standing side by side with the Hindu girl, not listening at all. Crane had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. He was patting the pockets of his suit for matches or lighter, and presently, in a moment of fresh revulsion, Father Simpson saw Crane bending down to take a light from the cigarette held up by the impossibly silvered, reddened fingers of the Hindu girl. For a second they were very close to each other and it was almost, he thought, as if their lips were touching.

The impulse of this awful thought shot him off the raft into the dust of the jetty. He began to shout at the rickshaw. But the boy, taking one look, turned with flat indifference and trotted off.

Father Simpson turned to find Crane and almost shouted, his voice squeaking: "They are always the same. They are incorrigible louts! They simply don't want to. They are absolutely the most——"

"I like a walk," Crane said. "Let me have the suitcase. It will do us good."

"No, no." Grasping the suitcase, he shook his flabby cheeks and was overwhelmed, in a black moment of self-reproach, by the way he had shouted. It was a grievous mistake; he felt ashamed; he hoped no one had heard. He turned to reassure himself and was

just in time to see the Hindu girl folding herself like a yellow and orange moth into the black husk of the rickshaw.

He puffed forward against the dusty track that wound upwards between thickets of plane and bamboo and flowerless rhododendrons, glad that no one had noticed him and glad at last to be free.

Crane said: "You play chess?"

"No, no, I don't play chess."

"What fish have you got here?"

"Fish? What fish? I'm awfully afraid I can't say. You mean in the river? You must ask Colonel Mathieson about that."

He turned again, looking down the hill, partly in nervousness, partly prompted by some instinctive curiosity to see if the rickshaw carrying the girl had departed. To his horror and anger it was coming up the hill.

"Do you know Colonel Mathieson?" He spoke swiftly, bubbling with embarrassment. "He is the most awfully nice man. He was something or other in Intelligence in Delhi."

"Was he?"

In a flashing moment of nervousness Father Simpson suddenly remembered what it was Colonel Mathieson had told him the day before. Or rather, of course, it was Mrs. Mathieson. She could have got it from no one else but the colonel.

He went on: "I think he had some ghastly assignment or other in Chungking. Mrs. Mathieson is frightfully nice, too. They're expecting a baby."

Crane did not say anything; and now Father Simpson could hear the rickshaw coming close behind them up the hill. The sound renewed his nervous fear that Crane, hearing it too, would somehow re-involve himself with the girl.

He blurted out: "Do you think there will be trouble here? There are the most terrible riots and things, aren't there, I mean? Not that it would touch us, here at the Mission. But there are awful rumours. There was something Colonel Mathieson, or, rather, Mrs. Mathieson, heard only yesterday."

Crane threw away his half-finished cigarette and forty paces behind him the rickshaw boy, who had been waiting for that, increased his pace so that he could pick it up.

"What did Mrs. Mathieson say?" he asked.

The rickshaw boy, having gained speed through rushing hungrily forward for the cigarette, drew level with the priest and Crane. He had stubbed out the cigarette and put it behind his ear. It gave him an appearance of cockiness, a certain scornfulness, that seemed for a moment to be shared by the girl behind. The priest saw her jewelled feet pouting forward from under the orange-yellow folds of the sari, the toenails painted scarlet like the nails of her hands. Under her left eye she had five or six pock-marks and as he saw them he winced a little. He could never escape the feeling that these marks had been branded there. And yet they gave her, he thought, as they always did give these creatures, a queer attractiveness. He saw her turn her head very slightly as she passed. It seemed for a moment as if she were going to give a sign of recognition, perhaps a smile, but nothing happened. She seemed to be staring beyond the rickshaw boy at some fixed point up the hill, dark, sullen eyes so lightless that they might have been drugged, and suddenly Father Simpson thought: Gracious goodness, the camp. The camp, of course. Why ever didn't I think of that?

The rickshaw went past and up the hill, and in a few seconds there was nothing to be seen of the Hindu girl except her left hand, dark and scarlet, hanging over the side.

"She is going to the camp," he said to Crane, but Crane was looking back over the brown river, pleasantly flowing between skeletoned avenues of plane and willow, wondering if he could hire a houseboat after the Kashmir fashion, instead of living with a collection of dreary priests at the Mission. He would inquire about it. He could fish and write in peace and it would be rather fun.

"I didn't think of it before, and, of course, it's obvious," Father Simpson said. "The camp. She is going to hang about the camp."

"Is there a camp? Where?"

"Behind the trees there. You see the road I think there are two platoons there or something like that. You will see the tents in a moment or two."

"What about houseboats?" Crane said. "Can you hire them now?"

"I rather fancy they are awfully difficult. Most of their owners have gone. Colonel Mathieson has been looking for one, but, of course, there's this upheaval now and he is living with us at the Mission until. . . ." He stopped speaking. Staring at the small sandy road that wound off the main hill road between scrubby and dusty bushes, he pulled himself up sharply, waving podgy hands.

"But that's absolutely the most extraordinary thing." He set down the suitcase.

"What is?"

"The camp isn't there. The camp isn't there."

He stood on the dusty road, in the sunlight, turning first to Crane and then to the woodland, scarred between the trees by tyre marks and rings of ashes.

"They were here yesterday," the priest said. "Last night. I saw their lights."

"Bang goes your theory about camp followers."

"I suppose so. Yes."

CRANE picked up the suitcase. Father Simpson did not notice it and they went on together up the hill. Already it was quite hot and Father Simpson breathed with gentle pain through his mouth with the regular hiss of an expiring valve.

It was three or four minutes later when Crane realized that the rickshaw, too, had gone.

It seemed to occur to Father Simpson at the same moment and he stopped again in the road.

"That is the road round to the nuns' quarters. There. Past the cypresses."

"I see."

"We have fifteen or sixteen nuns. The school is there, too. We teach the local children. The Assistant Mother Superior is Spanish. We are a very mixed lot."

About a hundred and fifty yards away the big wooden gates of the Mission were open under a high archway of cream plaster. Seen from the low angle of the road the arch seemed to float above the mass of buildings behind it, like a large bleached bone curved in blue air. It gave Crane, for the space of a second or two, a curious sensation. Hungry and empty and tired, he felt uplifted. He seemed to be swimming gently to the top of the world.

As they came to the gates, Father Simpson insisted on taking the suitcase back again, "because," he said, "Father Anstey would never forgive me otherwise." Crane did not argue and his sense of being uplifted remained with him for some time longer, taking him through the little avenue of cypresses and so under the archway and beyond the gate.

In that moment Father Simpson saw Father Anstey running down the path between the hospital and the gardens. He was so astonished that he stopped at once. He had never seen Father Anstey running before. It was an unimaginable thing. It was as if the Assistant Mother Superior had begun to dance with castanets. It was an inexplicable and exciting fantasy that did not belong to the realm of the Mission at all.

And seeing it he felt himself stiffen. He did not go forward to meet Father Anstey. He felt extraordinarily calm. He knew that something important, perhaps even something very wicked and very terrible, had happened. He knew that Father Anstey's running and the deserted camp down the hill had something to do with each other. He remembered what Colonel Mathieson—no, Mrs. Mathieson—had told him yesterday. It had something to do with Pathans butchering an entire village in the hills.

"Father, Father Simpson. I thought you were never coming—I——"

"Mr. Crane wanted to walk. In any case there was no rickshaw."

"Mr. Crane." Father Anstey looked for a moment sick with running, the old eyes colourless and watery now with the distress of exertion. The solid Yorkshire calm of his face had evaporated, leaving it momentarily as flabby as Father Simpson's had been from his own crude exertions among the potatoes.

"What is it?" Crane said. Out of the corner of his eye he had a glimpse of Father Simpson, drawn up, his lips tightened with calm.

"There has been an invasion by Pathans in the north," Father Anstey said. "They are coming down. Butchering everywhere."

Crane felt himself tingle, sharply and suddenly, with excitement. No longer tired, he exulted so immensely for a moment in what Father Anstey had said that he forgot to ask whether it was rumour or fact.

In that moment, before he could speak again, Father Simpson looked at him with great calm. He seemed to have drawn himself up and Crane realized, for the first time, seeing him beside the crinkled and depressed figure of Father Anstey, that he was very tall. He began to walk steadily forward, holding Father Anstey with one arm, carrying the suitcase with the other. And for a moment Crane, his mind still weaving about with exultation, did not follow.

And seeing it Father Simpson turned, a second later, and smiled. It was an extraordinary smile. It, too, had a strange muscular and ironic exultation.

"Bang goes your houseboat, Mr. Crane," he said.

AT four thirty in the afternoon Crane stood in the small orchard of apples that ran the full length of the one-storeyed hospital building, staring at a trench. Colonel Mathieson, who had turned out to be a man of pleasantly bantering temperament, with a fair moustache, stood at the far end of the trench, in nothing but a pair of khaki shorts that were now dusted crimson, like the rest of his body, with a thick powder of thrown-up soil. Father Simpson was standing in the centre of the trench, leaning on a spade that had the appearance, against his stripped corpulence, of a spoon.

The trench was about thirty feet long and about knee-deep and not quite wide enough to contain the body of Father Simpson, Crane thought, at the widest part. It did not seem long enough, either. It could never possibly contain, he thought, all who might want to shelter there: the Franciscan nuns, the men, the forty or fifty refugees, jibbing and scared and laden with squeaking children, who had been coming up the hill all afternoon, bringing with them some of the wailing and jostling and stench of the bazaars, and were still coming now.

"What do you think?" He leaned on his spade and called to Colonel Mathieson. "Is it long enough?"

"Length is not everything," Colonel Mathieson said. "Is it wide enough? Will it take Father Simpson?"

"The thought was in my mind."

"What do you think? Shall we let a little out at the waist? For Father Simpson's sake?"

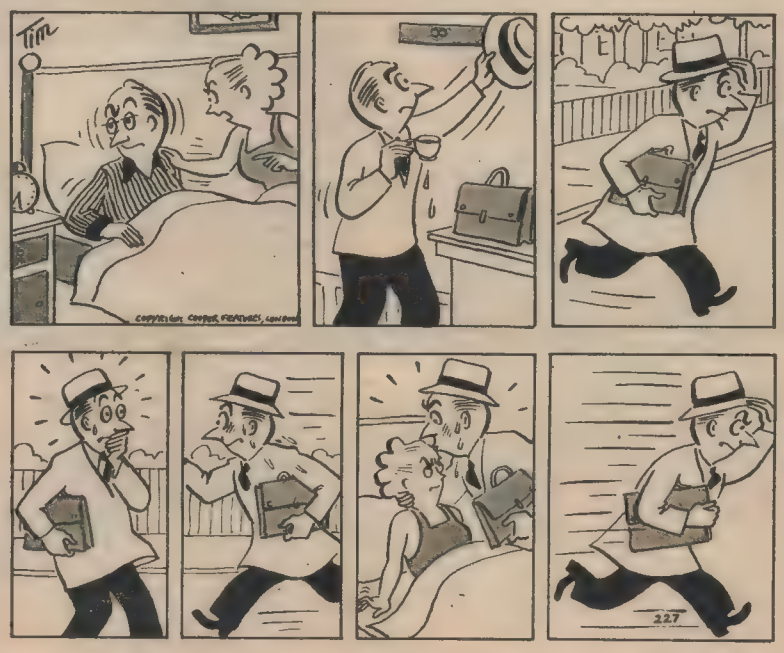
Father Simpson smiled; he was growing quite used to it. Since the moment of his small but exquisite triumph about the houseboat he had even begun to like it. It had kept the day going; it had helped to insulate him, as he believed it had also helped to insulate Mathieson and Crane, from a multiplicity of the deadliest fears.

"Hasn't the exercise done us all a power of good?" Crane said. "By the way, Father, what happened to the daughter of the Philistines coming up the hill?"

"She is here."

"Who is here?" Colonel Mathieson

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



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said. "What daughter of what Philistine? Is she someone delicious?"

"She is a bad girl. Isn't that so, Father?" Crane said. "She is a bad girl?"

"Colonel Mathieson knows her," the priest said.

"Colonel, Colonel," Crane said.

"It is only Kaushalya," the priest said.

"She is a sister of one of the Kashmiri Christians," Colonel Mathieson said. "She pays a visit now and then. She was a dancer in Bombay."

"There is no truth in the word was and none in the word dancer," the priest said. "Don't talk of her."

Colonel Mathieson came up out of the trench. In twenty minutes darkness would fall and Mathieson said: "It's just about adequate. We can whack in tomorrow."

"Isn't there a moon?" Father Simpson said. "We could dig by that. I am ready to go on. I'm not tired." He looked up and down the trench that seemed, against his pale and sturdy corpulence, much smaller than it was. "It isn't big enough. There are forty or fifty people here now. By morning there will be seventy or eighty. Perhaps more."

"I forgot the moon. I'm game," Crane said. "Where is Maxted? I forgot Maxted. Isn't he here?"

"No," the priest said. "Maxted is in Lahore. He went on Thursday. He is fixing up his air passage. Mrs. Maxted and Julie are here. They were going home."

"How accurate you are with your tenses, Father," the colonel said.

"I am sorry," the priest said. "It was thoughtless of me. I should not have said that."

He began to put on his shirt. It seemed like an act of contrition and the shirt hung about him like a surplice, very white in the shadow under the apple trees.

"We all need a drink," the colonel said. "It will help us kid ourselves a bit more. It will help us with our tenses."

FATHER SIMPSON did not speak. He stood tucking his shirt in his trousers, reflecting again on how his tongue, his spasms of nervous vanity, trapped him into these moments of pain, with their aftermath of salted, sickening self-condemnation. He had enjoyed the digging so much: all the banter, the maleness and the laughter. And now—it was terribly sad about the Maxteds; for Mrs. Maxted, for the girl especially. She was very young; she had been born here, actually up here in the Mission confinement ward, and had been eight or nine, he couldn't remember exactly, at the beginning of the war. She had been going home so many times, then and afterwards and now, but she had never gone. She had never seen England. He knew that she longed to go—and now. . . . He could not bear to think of it.

Crane said: "We're all a bit tired. A drink will do us good."

"We'll go to my room. Perhaps we can find Mrs. Maxted and Julie," the colonel said. "My wife will be there."

"They are probably helping in the wards. It's absolutely chaotic. There are forty or fifty beds to make up and food to get."

They went up the steps of the Mission and through the central hall, a high, windowless white room, towards Mathieson's room in the corridor beyond. About thirty Indian women and half a dozen nuns were making floor-beds along the walls on either side of the hall. As the priest and Mathieson and Crane went through Crane saw, among the beds, an English girl of nineteen or twenty folding a blanket. The blanket was grey and she held it flat against her body; above it he could see nothing but her dark eyes and darker fringe of hair.

She finished folding the blanket as Crane went past and as it slipped down her body it gave him the impression, with prickling swiftness, and only for a second or two, that she had taken off her dress. The flat grey blanket fell away like the dead shell of a nut, revealing the smoothed white kernel of her ward-smock below.

Colonel Mathieson called out: "Julie, where is your mother? I want to talk to you, too," and Crane was not aware of what she said in answer.

She did not seem to be looking at Mathieson, either, but at Crane. And in a curious way she seemed, Crane thought, to be annoyed with him. She seemed to have guessed what he was thinking about the ward-smock and the blanket.

"Find your mother and come along to our room," Colonel Mathieson said, and then: "Oh! I forgot. This is Mr. Crane."

From another corner of the room there was a burst of children's voices, in shrieking little storms of laughter, and the girl pretended not to hear.

"Mister who?"

"Crane. From Bombay."

"Oh! from Bombay."

HER small irony, like a pin scratch, filled Crane with irritation as he walked on. Another of those cool and stuck-up mem-sahibs, he thought, and did not know why such a casual exchange of glances, in which he had not spoken a word, should suddenly roughen his entire feelings, souring him like the bite of an acid fruit. He felt slighted and on edge. The immediate effect of it was to make him turn and look back. At once he felt intensely stupid for having done so. Just as before, with another blanket, the girl was standing there, and as before it was like a flat grey husk held in front of a body; and as before she was looking straight at him. The blanket was about to be folded and her white-smocked body was about to be revealed and she knew what he was thinking. It was as if she wanted him specifically, from that very first moment, to dislike her.

He still felt on edge, roughened with annoyance, as he went into Colonel Mathieson's room, following Father Simpson.

Colonel Mathieson gave him a whisky. And in another moment all the irritations India had ever bred in him pranced like devils in his mind as Mathieson said, loudly: "Ah! here are the mem-sahibs. Come in, come in."

Crane looked up to see Mrs. Mathieson, a pretty woman of about thirty, whom he had met at lunch, coming in with a fair-haired woman of fifty-five or so wearing a jumper of red and blue cross-stripes and grey trousers. Mrs. Mathieson, tired, her pregnancy not yet noticeable, was small and quiet, inoffensively decent, he thought, but Mrs. Maxted, introduced, said loudly:

"Ah! yes, Mr. Crane, I saw you disporting yourself in the trenches. Real trenches! It's wonderful."

Colonel Mathieson's room was nothing more than an enlarged cell with an army camp bed and a long chair and a pile of heavy leather trunks in one corner, and now Mrs. Maxted seemed to fill it like a booming, aggressive fly.

"Where is Julie? I thought Julie was coming in? Do you know our Kashmir, Mr. Crane? Is it your first time here?"

"She went to wash," Mrs. Mathieson said.

At that moment Mrs. Maxted shouted: "Julie! Here you are at last—aren't you *dead*?"

The colonel moved away to get something for the girl to drink. Crane walked over to the window and stood steadily gazing out.

But suddenly behind him Mrs. Mathieson switched on a light and the colonel called to him: "Better pull the curtains, Crane. Just as well."

The curtains were controlled by a double cord that hung at the side. He pulled jerkily at the shorter cord but nothing happened; and then more savagely, first at the short cord and then the long one; but the curtains did not move. Then he seized the curtains themselves, trying to pull them with his hands, but they would not slide and behind him he heard Mrs. Maxted laughing, and he made a final attack of impatient savagery on the shorter cord. A splintering crack in the upper fittings brought Mrs. Maxted running:

"I'll do it, I'll do it! Leave it! Leave it, you silly man. You'll have the whole thing down."

She took the cords one in either hand and pulled with light efficiency. The curtains closed with ease and her voice rattled with triumph:

"Isn't it astounding how men can never do these things? A simple thing like pulling a curtain and before you know it they have the whole house down."

Crane did not speak. He turned, temporarily dazzled by the small electric bulb nakedly blazing above the colonel's bed. He could not look at Mrs. Maxted, loudly acclaiming his stupid male inefficiency, or at the daughter. Blistered by complex and impotent hatreds, he felt himself on the point of walking out.

"Colonel, the supper-bell has gone," the priest said. "We ought to go in."

Colonel Mathieson and his wife and Miss Maxted were standing at the long supper table, with Father Anstey waiting at the far end. Dr. Baretta, a slim Eurasian girl, perhaps twenty-nine or thirty, stood next to Father Anstey with her husband, also a Eurasian, a man of bluish chiselled lips and almond-yellow face and hands.

When they were sitting at the table, Mrs. Maxted's voice seemed to flutter about the high white room, up and down the table, over the bread and soup, and wooden dishes of fruit, the green carafes of water, the plates of raw red beetroot, with the precipitant aimless dashes of a bat trapped and dazzled by light. It had on Crane a mesmeric effect, so that he was through the soup and was cutting away at a plate of cold, rather fat mutton and potatoes before he fully realized that Miss Maxted was next to him.

"How do you like it up here after Bombay, Mr. Crane?"

"I'm not from Bombay."

"Oh! I thought it was Bombay."

"I came up from Bombay." He felt weary and trapped by the pettiness of explanations. "But I'm not from Bombay. I'm not from anywhere."

From the far end of the table Father Anstey called: "You're not eating, Mr. Crane. You must eat, you diggers. Give Mr. Crane some more meat, Father. He'll need it. It's early yet."

Father Simpson piled slices of cold, fat mutton on to Crane's plate, and when Crane protested Miss Maxted said:

"Eat it up, Mr. Crane. The diggers need all their strength. It's good for you. Another potato?" The girl held the dish and its wooden spoon across the table, about the level of her breast, mocking him.

She was laughing at him: not with her mouth but with her eyes and underneath her eyes and behind them, and he wanted for a single moment to sling the potatoes in her face. She was growing up to be another nice, infuriating, superior English mem-sahib, he thought, like her mother and ten thousand pukka mem-sahibs before her from all the bridge clubs and tennis clubs and swimming clubs and gossip clubs, from Bombay to Calcutta, Delhi and Darjeeling and wherever else they clanned together. She was another one who had flounced her way through the war with no other wounds but the sores on her finger-tips from tying Red Cross parcels. She was another one who fancied herself in the high places. Thinking all this, he was unaware of silence in the room. He was unaware of Father Simpson, frantically searching in another moment of pained embarrassment for a change of subject that would clear the air.

As Crane walked up and down the terrace below the apple trees smoking nervously, intensely irritated with himself, waiting for the moon to come up and the digging to begin, he saw the

The story behind "The Scarlet Sword"

THE ACTUAL Roman Catholic Mission in *The Scarlet Sword* is fictitious—but it is based on fact. When fighting broke out in Kashmir in 1948, after the partition of India, a mission *was* raided by tribesmen from the hills. The incident was enough to inflame H. E. Bates's imagination. And after checking the facts and speaking with missionary friends, he began the story that had lived in his mind ever since, during the war, he was sent to India by the R.A.F.

Until that time, Bates was known throughout the world for his "pastoral" novels and stories. The direct contact with violence into which the war brought him changed his writing fundamentally and produced his three great "novels of violence"—the last of which, *The Jacaranda Tree*, was serialized exclusively in JOHN BULL.

But he was still unsatisfied.

Bates: the war changed his writing

A fourth, the culminating work, had to be written, and with news of the raided mission, he had found his plot.

Sitting down to work in a sheltered corner of his garden (in a converted Kentish granary) he wrote every morning, never for longer than four hours. *The Scarlet Sword* is the result.

main door of the Mission building open and the figure of a woman stand darkly in the lighted doorway. He heard a voice from inside shout: "Blackout! Blackout!" and then heard the woman running down the steps.

A moment or two later he heard her voice calling: "Mr. Crane, Mr. Crane! Is it you? Are y' there?"

"Yes, it's me. I'm here. Who wants me?"

He saw the figure of a girl in nurse's uniform running down the terrace and across the grass. He heard something that sounded very much like "Damn the trench," and then she was there before him, much smaller even than she had seemed when coming down the steps, no more than five feet five inches high and panting with running:

"Ah! there y'are, Mr. Crane. I've been looking all over the shop for you."

"Something wrong?"

"You remember me? McAlister? I took you to your room."

"I knew I'd seen you somewhere."

"Once seen never forgotten," she said. "From Glasgow. You remember you guessed the first time? The Mother Superior sent me to tell you we're so bunged out that we have to change your room."

"That's all right," he said.

"Will you come to see it? We've had to put Miss Maxted and Mrs. Maxted together with Mrs. Mathieson, and you and Colonel Mathieson in another room. It's a wee bit of a room, but it's nice."

THE cigarette was almost finished. He lighted another from it and pulled at it hungrily. She watched him with a pair of small, keen, grey eyes that were fiery for a moment in the heightened glow of the new cigarette.

"Will you come to see it?" she said.

"No. I trust you."

"It's time someone did," she said.

She gave a great sigh, pressing her hair back from her face with both hands. He asked her if she was tired and she said, her hands still pressed against the sides of her head: "A wee bit. It's been a hell of a day."

He laughed and she said:

"There I go again. Pure habit. I'll never break myself."

"It's the good old Glasgow," he said. He smoked greedily for a moment or two and she watched, keen, small eyes hungry, too.

"All the damns and bloodies and hells in the world don't mean a thing to me. They're just like 'frightfully' and 'awfully'—just supairlatives."

He laughed again and she said: "What d'ye think's goin' to happen? I mean here—you know?"

"Anything," he said. "Perhaps nothing."

"Whatever it is it'll be no worse than Rangers and Celtic, that's sure, or my father beatin' my mother's brains out with a brick every Saturday."

He smoked rapidly and she watched him again in silence, saying at last: "I'm a great brick-heaver myself. I learned it young."

"Been here long?"

"Two years. I came to India with the Queen's Nurses. Then after I got back from Burma I had. . . ."

She stopped. "Yes?" he said.

"I had a nervous breakdown. . . ."

"War?"

"No," she said.

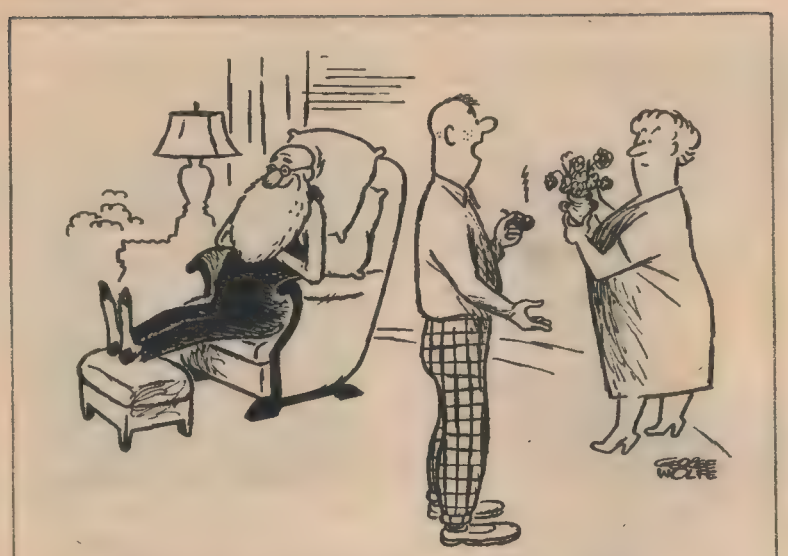
"What, then?" he said.

"Oh! what do women have nervous breakdowns about?" she said.

He stood absently, letting the cigarette burn away in his hands, staring at the glow of green-orange that had now begun to light up the horizon beyond the folded crust of hill forest across the river.

"I must go back," she said.

Watching the rising glow of moon-



"Mum—have you seen anything of my hand-painted tie with the bathing girl on it?"

light, seeing the gentleness of it slowly diffuse, deeper orange every moment, into the blue-black sky, he had not really heard. He felt an immeasurable glow of calmness spreading upwards into himself as the light was spreading up into the sky and it did not for a moment occur to him that it might be because of her.

When he turned from looking at the glow of light it was to see her once again gazing, with that tired, pinched stare of hunger, at his wasting cigarette, and suddenly he knew what it was she wanted. He held it out to her without a word.

"No," she said. "No." He held it an inch or two nearer her hands and she snatched it swiftly. "No," she said. "No, I shouldn't." He could see her fingers trembling, the red light quivering on the white stalk of paper. "No," she said. "No, I'm sort of on trial—I might take vows——"

"You can say ten thousand Hail Marys and it will be all right."

"It makes it worse," she said. "That's blasphemy and you know it."

"You can even say the Joyful Mysteries."

"It's the first for fifteen months—is it terrible?—shall I?—I've got to, it's been a hell of a day."

She put the cigarette in her mouth and pulled at it with one long, savage breath, shutting her eyes. It was like an act to which she had been frantically driven by hunger and thirst and she stood for some seconds holding the smoke before she let it go, slowly and exquisitely, covering herself with a little cloud.

She gave the cigarette back to him, a second later, as suddenly and savagely as she had taken it. In the doorway of the Mission there was a crack of light and Crane heard the voice of Colonel Mathieson saying something to Father Simpson and then Father Simpson's voice, higher and almost squeaky, in reply.

HE lifted his cigarette to his mouth. In the act of doing so he felt the nurse snatch the cigarette from his hands. "I'm a terrible person," she said, "terrible, terrible," and whenever he thought of her long afterwards it was as she stood there in the eager and almost terrified tension of that moment, gasping at the cigarette, her small, grey eyes tired and glittering hungrily and at last, calmed and assuaged, saying, "Terrible, God forgive me, terrible, terrible," before she dropped the cigarette out of the sheer nervousness of frightened guilt and ran away.

He put his foot on the cigarette and under the apple trees came Mathieson and Father Simpson, the priest carrying his spade.

Crane saw the flaccid cheeks of his face flopping up and down, boyish and yet old in their fatness. The banter had evidently begun. Over the hills, bluish and steely at the extreme far line, indigo and black in the intervening valleys below, the moon came up like a scarlet balloon in slow ascent, three-quarters full, casting ripe and bloody light, extinguishing immediately the green flash of lower stars. The trench under the apple trees became, in this intense and brilliant glare, thinning to orange, the gash of a yellow stream in fruit-strewn grass, and Father Simpson began to attack it with rushing, extravagant lashes of his spade, grunting. "Grunt, Father, grunt," the colonel said. "Fetch it up. Get rid of it," and the priest replied by heaving himself upright in a moment of open-mouthed relief, splendidly belching.

The surprise was so great that Crane for some moments could not speak for laughing. The final irritations of the day, festering into stupid moments of annoyance with Miss Maxted, dissipated themselves down cool, moonlit terraces of vine and peach, now pale green and ruby in the day-like glare of the moon, like the echoes of Father Simpson's belching. He felt suddenly that he had been an awful fool; that he ought to apologize; and that tomorrow he would make some sort of attempt, however humiliating, to expunge all the stupidities that seemed to have been begun by his staring at the girl as she folded the blanket and by Mathieson's casual remark that he came from Bombay.

He dug strenuously, liking it, helping to lengthen the trench by just before midnight to another twelve or fourteen feet. "Enough to take the nuns and Father Simpson," the colonel teased. All night the physical, bantering jokes had gone on. It was very like the life of a mess, Crane thought. Tonight it seems funny—it is all very hearty and wonderful; it protects us—and tomorrow it will grow thin. It was exactly as he remembered it once with a squadron of fighter pilots; all the physical heartiness, underlined by fear of death, all the jolly exultation in little things, above the ache in the bone.

Later, in the main hall in the Mission, they said good night to Father Anstey and two of the nuns.

They talked for a while, but their voices were indeterminate, not much more than whispers, in the darkened ward. Someone walked down the aisle between the beds. Crane looked beyond the two starched and anonymous figures, in the blue light, for a possible glimpse of Miss Maxted, but it was only Kaushalya, still smoking, walking back to bed.

He saw her lie down under the cone of light and begin again, as if she had never left off, the dead stare at the opposite wall, dark except for another light now; and Father Anstey said:

"Is it quiet outside?"

"Very quiet, Father." It was Father Simpson who spoke, gently, with decorum, all trace of banter discreetly buried away.

"How is the trench?"

"We have finished it, Father. It is much bigger. It will take forty or fifty. Perhaps more."

Five or six "good nights" were whispered before the two nuns floated away under the blue light. Crane and Mathieson went down the ward between the beds, leaving Father Simpson and Father Anstey alone. Crane looked at Kaushalya sitting under the white cone of light, smoking still, not looking at him or at Mathieson or the two Fathers or even at anything, and he thought again that she seemed to be waiting for something. He thought anxiously, with abrupt and unreasonable tension, of Miss Maxted. He would have to see her, somehow, first thing tomorrow.

In the small room he and Mathieson were to share he undressed by moonlight. His feet were cold and he did not take off his socks.

Mathieson was in bed first. He said good night suddenly and then did not speak again. It was very quiet except for a stretching of the canvas on the colonel's camp-bed and for some time longer Crane lay awake in the silence, on his back, smoking, hardly drawing his breath, listening for sounds that never came.

CRANE woke with the moon full on his his face, in a vivid nightmare of a screaming child, not knowing where he was. This screaming was not simply an agony of somebody running frightened down the corridors of his dream. It was an order, telling him to get up. After some moments it came to him that this was not the screaming of a single child but a whole mob of children, in panic, frenzied with terror. It was not simply a nightmare of sleep, but a nightmare that was real; it was not only the screaming of children telling him to get up, but the voice of Colonel Mathieson, yelling madly at him from above the bed.

He leaped up in time to see the colonel rushing out of the door. Beyond the door a corridor, momentarily blue-lit, then dark, was for a single second longer a fusion of reality and dream, and then he heard a shot. He heard the rifle bullet whine across the hill outside, spending itself in air. This clean, harmless flight sounded so solitary and woke him to such calmness that he got out of bed and began to put on his trousers.

It was only then that he realized he was very cold. His legs felt stiff and bloodless as they touched the cloth of his trousers, and his fingers were so clumsy and dead that he could not do up the buttons. He stood fumbling stupidly with these buttons for some seconds longer, as if for some reason it were necessary and very important to be correctly dressed, and then the rifle bullet came back. It seemed to have described an elliptical course across the hill outside.

It sounded extraordinarily like an infuriated mosquito. He was just thinking this, still obsessed with the main notion that he ought to do up the last of his trouser buttons circumspectly, when the bullet smashed the window above his head.

To be continued next week

LAST CIGARETTE

Continued from page 17

hill, where a path comes out from the trees."

"Come away from the window," replied Dmitri, trying to speak in a kindly voice. "It is only a goat herd and his flock."

As he said it, he realized, sickeningly, that he did not have ten cigarettes. He had five. Each time that he smoked one, he would be compelled to offer one to Joam, who would certainly not refuse. It was useless to argue that there was no compulsion to share them with Joam, that he despised Joam, that the fellow must take care of himself. Useless to argue like that, because there would be no comfort, no solace upon which he absolutely depended, to smoke by himself with the other gazing greedily and enviously at him, perhaps even indecently pleading.

"It moves this way, all the same," broke in Joam.

"There is no rescue. Come away from the window."

"How can you say it? Perhaps Paul has heard in time to move across with his machine-gun. It would not be difficult. These pigs outside are all conscripts, they do not care for fighting."

Dmitri felt this thing grating on his nerve. "Come and sit down here," he said desperately, "and have a cigarette."

JOAM came at once. His small eyes stared greedily at Dmitri's hand as it drew the packet from his shirt, carelessly proffering it. Dmitri drew a match, struck it on the roughness of the floor and held the flame steadily to their two faces.

He pulled the first stream of smoke gratefully into his lungs, tasting the bite at the back of his throat as though it had been a gulp of spirits, exhaling the used smoke slowly between pursed lips.

There were now four cigarettes to be planned—four each. One for the trial, and one for the end. That left two. One at dawn upon waking? Possibly, if he wished. There were two left over for luxury. Twice more before he died he could be spendthrift, and still that necessary last cigarette would be safe. The thought warmed him like a man who discovers he has money in the bank over and beyond his needs, upon which he can draw at whim.

He began to convince himself that the number was exactly right. Had he had plenty—fifty, say, or a hundred—there would have been no problem to absorb his thoughts.

How long they sat there Dmitri did not trouble to notice. The barred patch of sunlight had moved on to the wall, where it gradually paled. The heat of the afternoon began to hint at the mountain chill of the evening.

Then the sentry came in with some food, a mess of meat upon an iron dish, a chunk of tough bread, a flask of rough wine.

Joam was waiting anxiously until Dmitri signalled him to begin. He took a little more than his share of both food and drink, but Dmitri gave no sign of having noticed this, though it was a long time since he had eaten.

When he had finished, he moved his legs contentedly. This was a moment for luxury. He drew the cigarettes from his shirt, and they each lit one. Joam, too, was calmer now.

This cigarette was a relaxation and a delight. He smoked it to the end, idly watching the smoke drift upwards.

The occasion to smoke the next one, he thought, would not be long delayed. And he was right. Soon after, the door was unbolted to admit four soldiers bearing their rifles, who led them out to a corner of the village square for trial.

Before they started, Dmitri took out the next pair of cigarettes—the soldiers waited while he lit them—so that he sauntered into the square with the tobacco smouldering between his brown fingers.

The trial was not protracted. The commander sat at a trestle table under the trees, with an aide on his right. Half a dozen of his men stood guard. The rest did not even trouble to wander across to listen. There was nothing of interest here.

DMITRI paid scant attention to the mumbling course of the trial, but looked around him. Most of the soldiers were gathered at the far side of the square in a group where there was laughter and some singing. In the centre of it he perceived an old priest with monstrous stains upon his gown. He was already far gone with wine, and it was at his singing that the men were laughing.

A nudge from one of the guards recalled him to the trial. The commander was asking whether they had anything to say.

For a moment he thought that Joam would break into pleading, so he grunted warningly, and he, too, said nothing. Joam was behaving better than he had feared. Then they were taken back to the room.

There were now two cigarettes each, and one pair was a luxury. When should he indulge it? That was something to think about. He craved it immediately, the more so because he could see the smoke which the sentry was puffing, a cruel temptation.

But that, of course, would not do. He could not bankrupt himself so soon. He had to guard against the unexpected.

And it happened. Later on—how much later he could not say—the door opened to admit the drunken priest.

Dmitri invited the father in and they all three sat on the floor beneath the lamp. The priest had come to offer fuddled consolation, though he could scarcely control his tongue, babbling a mixture of Latin and the vernacular. Dmitri listened patiently, knowing that this grotesque figure was at least bringing some comfort to

---

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Out of that groove!

TODAY cannot be lived successfully on last year's ideas. Anyone who thinks it can has let some part of his brain go to sleep.

Life doesn't stay put, either. Once you begin to move complacently in well-worn grooves, you'd better look out. You're in serious danger of forgetting that yesterday is past.

Either we must move with life, or let it pass us by. A man's chief battle is not with life, but with his own tendency to sag.

We've all got a lazy side to our minds. It has its uses, but it's fatal to pamper it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Blackheath. S.E. 3
Dear Sirs,
I have used your tooth paste as far back as I can remember and have always been admired by all for my snow white shining teeth. I am 34 years and have a full set of perfectly shaped teeth and have just had my first treatment for a very small filling but for my age I feel that is very good.
L. T. (Mrs.)
P.S. My two sons are following my footsteps with success.
Did you Maclean your teeth today?
"Yes, for my snow white shining teeth."
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WHITER

YOU CAN BEAT HIM BY £500!

"USE simple words and make your efforts clean cut, snappy and with no frills!" That hint on how to make prize *Bullets* comes from recent £500 winner I. Martin, 3 Dryden Street, Clayton-le-Moors, Accrington. To complete his First Prize, Mr. Martin will soon be taking his wife to Eastbourne for a week's holiday.

Follow this forty-year-old fitter's advice and *your* reward from JOHN BULL for fitting a few simple but well-chosen words to one of this week's *Examples* may well be not £500 but as much as £1,000! This big August Tournament will soon be over, so be sure to get some neat *Bullets* ready for posting by Monday, August 28.

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The most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests 1,744, 1,745, 1,746 and 1,747 will bring its sender £1,000 CASH—a £350 First Prize plus £650 Championship Bonus.

£350 First Prize, £50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s. 2,000 "Good Shots"

£25 in CASH BONUSES

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Sept. 16 and in JOHN BULL, dated Sept. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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next week and thrilling new offer in "Bulletin" dated Sept. 9—apply on coupon below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Stronger Britain
Battle Of Korea
Where The Fault Lies
Burglar Joe
Place To Live In
Fruits Of Folly
Gladly
Man In Overalls
Reigns Supreme
Horror On Horror
Mother Knows
All His Life
Looked A Bit Queer
Without Ceremony
One Of The Gang
Stifled
In Sandy's Cellar
Caught Red-handed
Floating Along
Like A Dancing Dervish

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

On Our.....
To ..... Youth
Millions Of.....
As ..... Go
Wouldn't Be.....If

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets," 1,746 (or Xword 698), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Until I got the *Bulletin's* help I was floundering about with my *Bullets*," admits £500 winner I. Martin. To make sure of your regular weekly supply of this invaluable guide to the prize-list, apply for "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* with the coupon from this page

Continued from next column

PEACE WAGON — DUST — FROM MARS' CHARIOT!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated August 12.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,741

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus "Magic Carpet" Award: E. E. Sanders, 12 Truesdale Drive, Harefield, Middlesex:

THE THINGS WE PLANNED WHILE "HAND IN HAND"!

£50: Miss N. Moore, 10 Sandringham Road, Morecambe: To SEE THE WORLD — "SEEING WORLD OFF"—HEART-BREAKING!

£25: W. Lloyd, 14 Bardsley Fold, Hough Hill, Stalybridge: THAT HOLIDAY FEELING—WENT —WET!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: G. B. Sheppard, 4 Branksome Road, Merton Park, S.W.19: WITH A BRAVE SMILE —YOU "COME OUT" BETTER. £10: T. Tinley, Water Street, Rostrevor, Co. Down, N. Ireland: THAT HOLIDAY FEELING—RETIREMENT BROUGHT, LASTED *Fortnight*. £5: J. Anderton, 4 Bramley Avenue, Fleetwood: A LONG WAY OFF—BEING THIN, *Reds'* LINE! £5: A. E. Halliday, 17 Sandhurst Grove, Leeds: BOOKMAKER JOE —STUDYING FORM FOR FORMOSA? £5: F. J. Richardson, The Cottage, Oxton Hall, Tadcaster: THAT HOLIDAY FEELING — "LUXURY" ONLY *Workers* GET. £5: H. L. Scott, 170 Sterndale Road, Gt. Barr, Birmingham: TO SEE THE WORLD—WE'VE FIELD-GLASSES, BOMB-SIGHTS, PERISCOPES! £5: G. H. Stearn, 44 Geneva Road, London, S.W.9: ON THE

Continued in previous column

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Across Clues XWORD 698

1. It's probable that many an old-fashioned farmer still relies to a great extent on his
2. Few people like one open in bitter wintry weather
4. Girl who marries a real one has something to be thankful for
6. Men are frequently lost in
12. Gossip might sometimes be fairly described as
13. Hubby may do this when wife chooses new frock
14. Some youngsters do not much mind having to wade through one

Down Clues

1. May get a man down
3. Wild young colt may kick against
5. You've a right to expect certain degree of accuracy from
7. Increasing one may mean anxiety for captain
8. Might possibly throw light on what appeared a fearsome beast
9. Level-headed fellow generally does this through his bad times
10. People don't usually put this out in garden for birds
11. Can provide us with considerable amount of food

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Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 9.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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	■	4S	T	A		■	M	A	R	
N	5M		E	M		B	E	M	A	
6G	A		E	■	7	■	G	■		
■		■	V	■	I	8M	A	9G	E	
10	■	G	E	S	S	O	■		■	
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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **698** Closing Postmark, Monday, August 28

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Joam. He listened, hiding his agony. For this was a formal situation which would have to be met. He would have to offer his cigarettes.

There were four left. Joam and the priest would certainly accept. That would leave one. Worse, Joam would know there was one left. He glanced carefully at the two of them—the priest rolling a little on his haunches, slobbering Latin, and Joam gazing at him reverently. Dmitri edged his hand slowly into his shirt, disengaged one cigarette from the packet and let it drop into a fold of the cloth. Neither of them had noticed.

Then he drew out the packet and handed it round, crumpling the empty paper in his hand and tossing it into a corner of the room. Joam noticed that all right. He drew uneasily at his cigarette.

When the drunken priest had gone the two men rolled out upon the floor in the attitudes of sleep. Silently Dmitri faced the horror. He had acted despicably.

And he at once saw, now that the priest was gone, that he had in no way solved his problem. The one cigarette still remained, even though Joam did not know of it. He would know of it at the end.

Dmitri could, of course, throw it secretly out of the window. Or he could admit to it, and share it with Joam by breaking it in half. But instinctively he felt that neither was a solution. This was not merely a matter of smoking; it was a method of arranging his own death scene, a question of behaviour.

The cigarette, he knew, would have to go to Joam. . . .

THE small square of the window came out of the shadows, the first hint of a new day. Joam stirred and muttered. Dmitri realized with surprise that the man had slept.

Leaving him there, he raised himself quietly and for the first time since he had entered that room climbed on to the bench and looked out of the window. The new sun was already warming the slopes on the far side of the valley, across which the mountain behind him cast a long, broad shadow. The air was still cold. A small cloud that had slept all night on the distant peak glowed pink on waking. It promised to be a lovely day.

And then suddenly terror seized him. His hands clutched at the window bars and his body sweated like a man in fever. He would have screamed across the empty square, but he could not utter the cry.

In a moment he regained his composure, though still trembling. But this was what might happen when soon the soldiers filed into the room.

Joam stirred and woke, upon the floor. He lay there for a moment while dreams drained out of his mind and memory flowed in. Then he pressed his arm across his face and

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

bit into the thin stuff of his sleeve.

Joam knew that he was not a brave man. He had never pretended to be.

To save himself, he knew that he would have betrayed the cause, or even Dmitri. Yet he was the one man whom he held in awe, even in a sort of affection. For the first time, in Dmitri, Joam had met a man of strength who was also just, a stern man who was courteous and kind.

Look at the way he had shared with him, with the miserable Joam, the last few cigarettes which any other man would have kept to himself. This had vastly impressed Joam. It had aroused in him a feeling he had not previously experienced—a guilty conscience.

For, wrapped in a fragment of cloth in a recess of his pocket, Joam also had one cigarette, about which he had said nothing. He had thought to hide it until the last moment, until they were out in the square and it would be too late for Dmitri to reproach him, or for Joam to care if he did.

But now a doubt began to trouble him, a tiny feeling of decency, something else which he had not experienced before. He was to die. He repeated that silently, to impress the knowledge upon his mind.

And the outrageous thought came to him that before he died, almost at the moment of his death, he should commit a generous action. He should give Dmitri the cigarette.

JOAM struggled hard against this idea, but it persisted. It swelled into a fantasy that such a sacrifice, offered at that moment, would count in his favour with God, and even admit him to heaven. The visit of the priest had led Joam, for the first time, to consider such matters.

He began to imagine the look of surprise and gratitude with which Dmitri would receive this gift. Doubtless he would not say much, for that was not his way. But he would press Joam's hand, and they would go out into the square as comrades. Joam was surprised at the comfort this thought brought to him.

Then they heard the hideous noise of approaching feet. The sentry unbarred the door and the soldiers came in.

In cold panic Joam turned to Dmitri. He clutched into his pocket and brought out the torn fragment of cloth. He held out the cigarette on the palm of his hand. Dmitri stared at it.

"I was going to cheat you," said Joam. "I have only one. It is for you. Take it. Take it quickly."

For reply, Dmitri slowly groped with his hand inside his shirt. When he held it out, a crumpled cigarette lay on the extended palm. For a long time they stood thus, in silence, staring at the two cigarettes.

Joam's impulse was to spit. Then he saw that Dmitri's hand was trembling. And when he saw that, he began dimly to understand. He did not recognize the emotion that captured him, but it was pity. It warmed and strengthened him. He struggled to put it into words, but all that came out were: "You have the matches, brother."

When Dmitri fumbled with them, Joam took them and struck an almost steady flame. His pride and courage flared up with it.

"It turns out well after all," he said. "We have one each."

One could, perhaps, argue that Joam expressed himself badly, and that what he was really trying to say was that all men are equal in the face of death.

THE END

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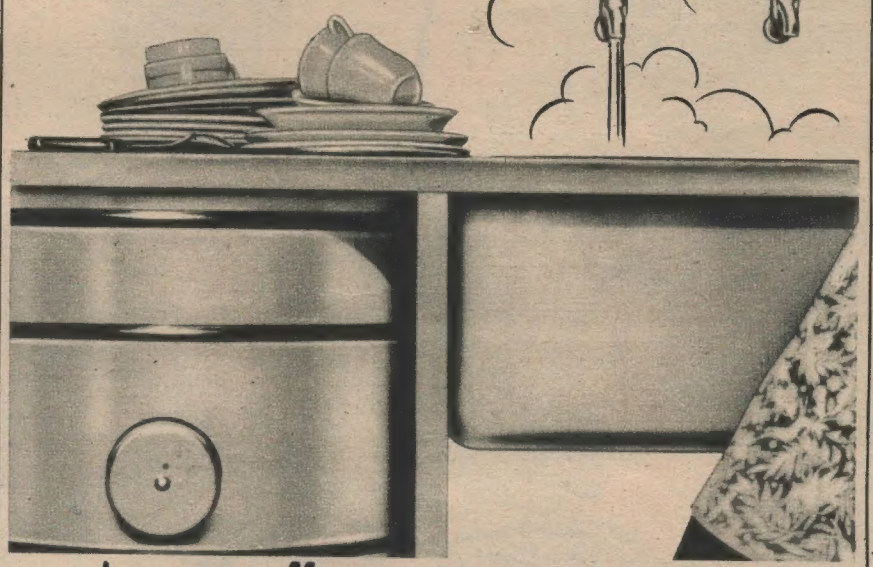

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